

THIRTY CENTS

BIRMINGHAM AND BEYOND:  
The Negro's Push For Equality

TIME

THE WEEKLY NEWSMAGAZINE



VOL. LXXXI NO. 20

WEEK OF MAY 1, 1968



Stockpile of nitrogen fertilizers at Allied's Hopewell, Va., plant.

## These chemical "mountains" can put famine out of business (nitrogen fertilizer by Allied Chemical)

**Nitrogen, key nutrient in farming, brings new life to unproductive soil—helps grow more food for the free world.**

Today, the earth must be coaxed to pour forth more of its bounty to feed the ever-growing populations of the world. Nothing does it better than nitrogen fertilizer. Produced abundantly, it is used to force-feed crops and increase the size and quality of the yield. Allied's Nitrogen Division

plant at Hopewell, Virginia, produces it. In fact, this Division has pioneered in nitrogen fertilizers for decades, and has introduced innovations that have resulted in spectacular improvements in farming efficiency.

■ Nitrogen, one of Allied's more than 3,000 products, makes crops grow. Other Allied products make businesses grow. Perhaps *your* business.

Write: Allied Chemical Corp., 61 B'way, N.Y. 6.



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**Budget Motor Tour:** how to know Europe intimately by bus for just \$18 a day all-inclusive! From Frankfurt you drive on to Coblenz, visit a winery at Rudesheim for wine-tasting, follow ancient trade routes through the lovely Rhineland. Stay overnight in a medieval village, visit gay Munich, go on to Innsbruck,



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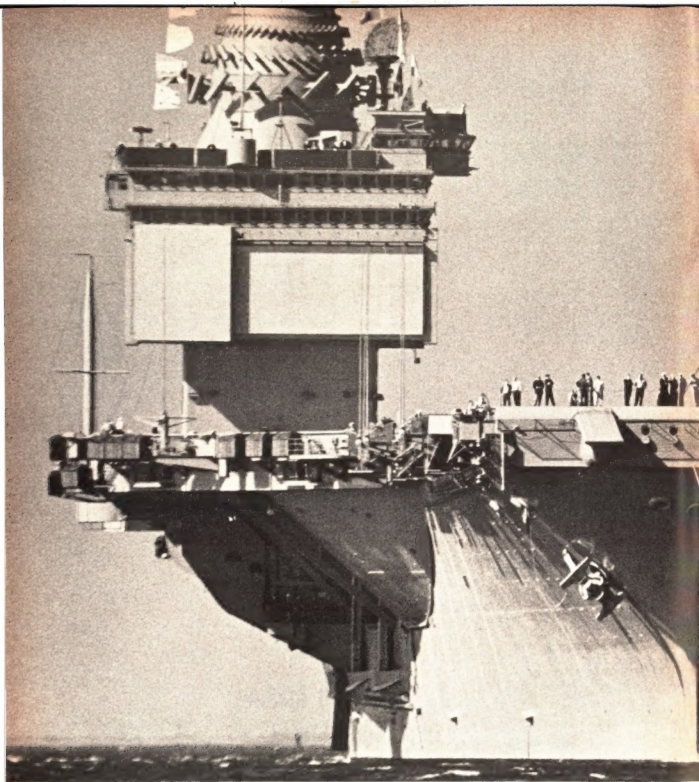
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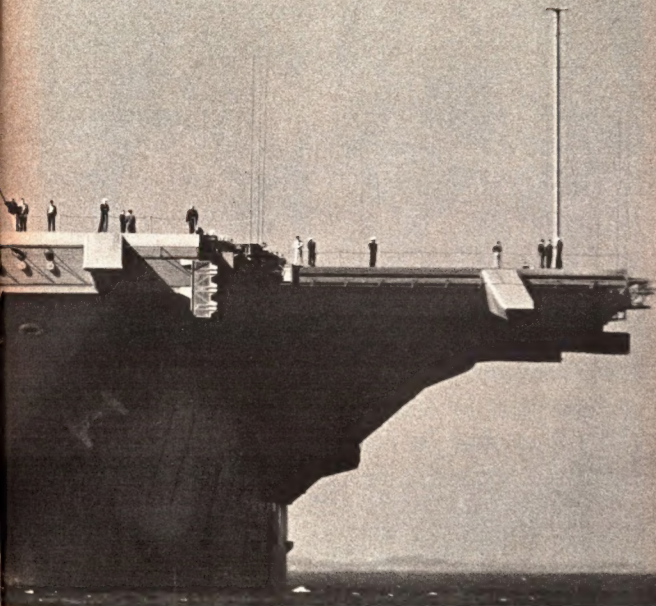
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## *In the Next 10 Minutes This Man Will Be Disabled*

Unlikely, you say. Yet — there are 28,100 people at work today who will not go to work tomorrow. Of these, 260 will be accidentally killed and another 355 will be permanently disabled, never again to bring home a paycheck. What if illness or injury should disable you? Would your income continue? How long?

*Guaranteeing* your income is part of State Mutual's Planned Living service—a unique and sensitive guide that helps you measure and meet your most urgent financial needs.

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Why not call or write your nearest State Mutual agent about Planned Living today? He represents one of the nation's oldest and strongest life companies. Or write us here in Worcester, Mass.



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# **Play the woods**

## **Jack Nicklaus plays**



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1962 U. S. Open Champion

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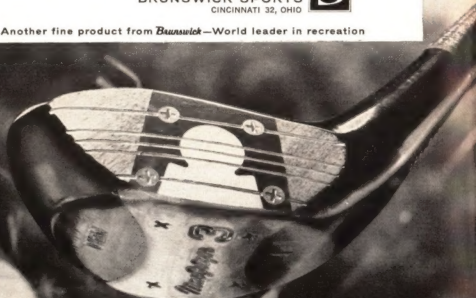
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# TIME LISTINGS

## CINEMA

**Two Daughters.** The camera of India's Satyajit Ray speaks a universal language in this gentle and witty two-part film. *The Postmaster* tells of the touching relationship between a backwoods postmaster and a ten-year-old girl who is his servant; *The Conclusion* is a comedy about a reluctant bride, ardent groom and spoiled mother. With minor changes of script, *Two Daughters* could have been made in rural Louisiana.

**The Third Lover.** Equally understandable is Claude Chabrol's latest film, a chilling story about a self-centered young man whose envy drives him to ruin the happiness of a couple who befriend him. Chabrol, who launched the French New Wave, proves that with honest camera work and well-motivated plot films may be excitingly *nouvelle* without being murky *ragues*.

**Fiasco in Milan.** This one takes up where *Big Deal on Madonna Street* leaves off, with Comic Carlo Pisacane trying desperately to keep his tapeworm living in the style to which it has become accustomed. Vittorio Gassman and his *Madonna Street* gang wiggle through some funny scenes.

**Landru.** Another Chabrol picture, this one with a screenplay by Françoise Sagan, whose cynical scenario is based on the French Bluebeard who murdered ten women during World War I in France. Danielle Darrieux and Michèle Morgan are among Landru's victims.

**Love Is a Bull.** The ball is filled with hot air, but Hope Lange and Glenn Ford keep it bouncing all along the Riviera.

**I Could Go On Singing.** Members of the Judy Garland Underground will love this more-than-slightly-autobiographical story about a famous singer who goes to London to sing, gets involved in a child-custody wrangle, ends up on the lonely side of the rainbow.

**To Kill a Mockingbird.** Gregory Peck's Oscar-winning performance as Atticus Finch is good, but the kids, Mary Badham, Phillip Alford and John Megna, almost steal the show in this pleasant screen version of the Pulitzer-prizewinning novel.

## TELEVISION

Wednesday, May 15

**CBS Reports** (CBS, 7:30-8:30 p.m.).<sup>a</sup> The program examines the National Wheat Referendum. May 21, in which U.S. wheat farmers will vote on government price supports.

Friday, May 17

**The Jack Paar Program** (NBC, 10-11 p.m.). Guests: Anne Bancroft, Sam Levenson, Gordon and Sheila MacRae.

Saturday, May 18

**Wide World of Sports** (ABC, 5-6:30 p.m.). Trout-fishing competition at a remote Argentine lake.

**The Preckness** (CBS, 5:30-6 p.m.). From Baltimore, the second coronet in racing's Triple Crown for 1963.

**Saturday Night at the Movies** (NBC, 9-11 p.m.). Anita Loos's *Gentlemen Prefer*

*Blondes*, with Marilyn Monroe, Jane Russell, Charles Coburn.

Sunday, May 19

**Directions '63** (ABC, 2-2:30 p.m.). Second part of a discussion about Cuban refugees and their resettlement in the U.S.

**The Twentieth Century** (CBS, 6-6:30 p.m.). A Japanese spy in Pearl Harbor before Dec. 7, 1941. Repeat.

**The Theater of Tomorrow** (ABC, 7-8 p.m.). A special on the Repertory Company of Lincoln Center, narrated by Elia Kazan, featuring a brief excerpt from Arthur Miller's new play *After the Fall*, performed by Jason Robards Jr.

**The Voice of Firestone** (ABC, 10-10:30 p.m.). Dancer Rudolf Nureyev, Singer Florence Henderson, Cellist Michael Flaksman.

Tuesday, May 21

**The Kremlin** (NBC, 9:30-10:30 p.m.). A story of the center of the Russian government and its role in history, some of which was filmed there by NBC.

**Chef Huntley Report** (NBC, 10:30-11 p.m.). A visit to Syracuse University.

## THEATER

### On Broadway

**She Loves Me** is head over heels in love with love. The musical's sweethearts are Barbara Cook and Daniel Massey, son of Raymond. Carol Haney's dance spoofs and the Sheldon Harnick-Jerry Bob score keep this romantic fairy tale spinning.

**Rattle of a Simple Man**, by Charles Dyer, locks a London floozy and a virgin Manchester clerk in a bedroom and then busily prevents them from going to bed. The play is stalemated between farce and pathos, but Tammy Grimes is a beguiling imp and Edward Woodward a touchingly vulnerable bumpkin.

**Mother Courage**, by Bertolt Brecht. Anne Bancroft pulls her canteen wagon across the face of Europe during the Thirty Years' War and tragically loses her three children. Brecht's reflections on peace and war are deeply ironic, but Anne Bancroft lacks the depth for her part.

**Strange Interlude**, by Eugene O'Neill, puts its characters on a kind of verbal couch for 4½ hours, but the amateur psychoanalyzing currently seems both comic and a trifle Freudulent. Star Geraldine Page rings as true as 14 carats.

**Enter Laughing**, by Joseph Stein. There is an improvisational air to this play that lends freshness to a stalely familiar genre, the Jewish family comedy. As a youngster with a yen to act, Alan Arkin is rib-splittingly funny.

**Who's Afraid of Virginia Woolf?**, by Edward Albee. Winner of the New York Drama Critics Circle award as the best play of the year, *Virginia Woolf* detonates a shattering three-act marital explosion. As the embattled couple, Arthur Hill and Uta Hagen enact their roles with magnificent ferocity.

### Off Broadway

**To the Water Tower.** The Second City troupe is unequalled among U.S. revue groups for its acting skill, imaginative verve, and satiric intrepidity. It lives up to its own reputation in this tart hit-and-run raid on Cuba, bomb shelter salesmen,

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Another reason is that every year Gas research reveals unlimited possibilities for the marvelous blue flame. Totally new applications of Gas energy are already being produced by the scientists of the Gas Industry.

If you'd like to know more about the latest developments in commercial and industrial applications of Gas, or want to find out how truly *modern living can be*, call or stop in and have a talk with the experts at your Gas Company. Your own future can be fabulous with Gas!

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Two advanced physics students are producing a solar-powered, transistor audio-oscillator—the "From Sun to Sound" experiment—provided by the Bell System. The experiment requires students to calculate and design as well as construct some of the basic electronic components.

## "Just give 'em the facts and get out of the way!"

*How the Bell System is helping to develop gifted young scientists and engineers*

Tomorrow's top scientists and engineers are hidden in high school classrooms today. The problem is to find them, inspire them. And the Bell System is helping this national effort with a unique series of teaching aids.

A high school physics teacher demonstrates the "Wave Motion Machine," which illustrates wave behavior: motion to sound, light, electricity. The Bell System teaching aid also includes a film, books and a lecture.

Two of the units are illustrated here and four more described at the right. They are already being used in thousands of high schools.

Now in its third year, this science program has aided busy teachers and spurred eager students. As one Bell Laboratories man remarked, "Just give 'em the facts and get out of the way!"

The program will continue, with the cooperation of leading educators, as long as it serves a useful purpose.

And the Bell System will benefit only as the nation benefits—from better teachers and abler young scientists and engineers.

Two other aids offered to America's schools, besides those illustrated:

**Ferromagnetic Domains**, a basic approach to the study of magnetism, including books, a motion picture and four demonstration units.

**Solar Energy Experiment** for advanced students, containing all the materials necessary to turn silicon slabs into working solar cells.

**Aids to be offered in Fall, 1963:**

**The Speech Chain**, various classroom materials for physics and biology teachers on the inter-disciplinary study of speech and hearing.

**Speech Synthesis**, for advanced students, involves circuitry, electronic components, biology. Completed unit simulates speech sounds.



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*Flamboyan flowers almost everywhere in Puerto Rico make it a glorious place to sip a Daiquiri. John Stewart photograph.*

## How to mix a professional Daiquiri at home

(with today's dry, white Puerto Rican rum)

**F**IRST, remember the bartender's dictum, "A perfect Daiquiri is a *dry* Daiquiri. Stinging cold."

Get three essentials. Cracked ice, fresh lime juice, and a dry, white Puerto Rican rum—*no other rum is dry enough*. Puerto Rican rums are distilled at high proof and aged in oak—the law in Puerto Rico. Don't bother to squeeze limes. Use

the new Frozen Fresh Daiquiri Mix. Follow the simple recipe below and you've got a professional Daiquiri. A dry Daiquiri. *Stinging cold*.

**RECIPE:**  $\frac{1}{2}$  oz. Frozen Fresh Daiquiri Mix;  $1\frac{1}{2}$  oz. dry, white Puerto Rican rum. Shake with cracked ice.

**FREE!** 31 Drink Recipes. Write to: Recipe Booklet, Rums of Puerto Rico, 666 Fifth Ave., New York 19.



**NEW! FROZEN FRESH DAIQUIRI MIX:** Get it from your grocer. It's the natural juice of treasured tropical limes. Specially made to complement the extra dryness of white Puerto Rican rum. If your grocer hasn't got this new mix, tell him it's distributed by Wilbur-Ellis Co., 300 Second Ave., New York 17, N. Y.





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**NEW!** Just in time  
to give for graduation

Birmingham

Sir: The bloody riots over a Negro's admission to the University of Mississippi, the continued denial of minority voting rights, and the recent demonstrations in Birmingham [May 10] all demonstrate the need for a federal policy on integration

JOHN E. ELIASON

The shotgun approach has not worked, and it will not work. Integration cannot be solved with injunctions, troops or demonstrations. Men cannot be forced to change their minds. The human heart cannot be beaten into shape.

GOMER R. WILLIAMS

Re "Dogs, Kids & Clubs": the "real" police dog in the illustration is wearing dark glasses, a badge and a smirking grin.

Mrs. JOSEPH F. BOYD JR.

Toledo

**Sir:**  
This is disgraceful! If the U.S. is so strong, why can't it keep its own house in order? A family divided will always fall!

RICHARD L. WIGAN

Frankston, Australia

### Pilot's Plight

Sir:  
As an old friend of Eleanor and Marlon Green (May 31, who suffered with them—and with less patience than they have—I appreciate the light you have thrown on the nasty discrimination that keeps an expert idiot from his work.

How can we talk of equality of opportunity in a country where a man has to wait six years, employ lawyers, and appeal to the federal courts to convince employers (supposedly eagerly seeking qualified pilots) that he is more competent than other job applicants? (THE REV.) JOSEPH H. FICHTER, S.J., Loyola University, New Orleans

New York City

Sir: By what authority may a Supreme Court (state or federal) order a corporation to hire anyone? Doesn't an employer have any voice whatsoever in the selection of men on his payroll? Has our country plunged so far into socialism that the state can now force an employer upon an unwilling employee? Why not take the next step? Nationalize all private industry. Then the Supreme Court can do

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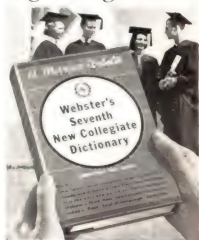
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TIME, MAY 17, 1963

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openly what it has practiced under "interpretation" for so many years—DU'RATE!

MARIO L. CALUDA

Baton Rouge, La.

#### Each Voter Must Decide

Sir

Mr. Rockefeller's personal affairs [May 10] are of public concern because they reveal the character of the man. When a man shows so little regard for his own vows and the vows of others, it is only natural that people should question his integrity and his fitness for high public responsibility.

Another prominent man once flouted morality and public opinion and gave up everything for "the woman he loved." No doubt Mr. Rockefeller would declare himself willing to do the same. I sincerely hope that the voters give him that opportunity.

ROSALYN BAILEY

Keene, N.H.

Sir

What Nelson Rockefeller does in private life is strictly his business, and what he does in politics is the public's concern. If we are going to vote with our hearts instead of our heads, I feel sorry for the future of the United States.

MRS. HARVEY YAZIJIAN

Belmont, Mass.

Sir

Republican Party professionals should be more concerned with acquiring a candidate who is positive in his approach to government than in whether he has violated the marriage taboos of a segment of our heterogeneous population.

Governor Rockefeller is practically the only potential candidate positive enough to counteract the image created by the party's senior citizens on Capitol Hill.

(MRS.) JOAN BEARDSLEY

Baltimore

Sir

Divorce is one thing, and divorce followed by an unforeseen marriage is another. But mutual divorce with intent to obtain another's partner in subsequent marriage is the lowest form of moral corruption. My Republican vote will never go to this kind of rocky feller.

OLIVER K. FINSETH

Minneapolis

#### Soul Music

Sir

A fine piece on Ray Charles [May 10]  
NAT HENTOFF

New York City

Sir

Charles has never made a big hit in country and western music. He has instead made a big hit in popular music by setting country lyrics to a "soul" tune. When *You Are My Sunshine* is sung by Jimmie Davis, it is country. But when Charles sings it, it is "soul music."

JOHN GILL

Denton, Texas

#### Pop Art

Sir

Pop art [May 11] is the most exciting thing that has happened in America since Little Eva tripped over the ice cubes. The Guggenheim Museum is to be congratulated on its forward-looking policy. Fifty years from now there will be a revival of pop art that will make the recent revival of the Armory Show look pale indeed.

JASON A. SPENALZO

Hamilton, N.Y.



Sir:  
I'm not fooled. I think it stinks  
DIANE FRECHIN  
Bremerton, Wash.

Sir:  
As a cartoonist I was interested in Roy Lichtenstein's comments on comic strips in your article on pop art.

Though he may not, as he says, copy them exactly, Lichtenstein in his painting currently being shown at the Guggenheim

I CAN SEE THE WHOLE ROOM  
AND THERE'S NOBODY  
IN IT!



LICHTENSTEIN'S "I CAN SEE..."



OVERGARD'S "STEVE ROPE"

comes pretty close to the last panel of my *Steve Roper* Sunday page of Aug. 6, 1961. Very flattering... I think?

WILLIAM OVERGARD

Stony Point, N.Y.

Sir:  
Well, I'll tell you, it was really something! Since we don't allow the kids to read war comics, our first problem was to acquire suitable copies. My wife and I worked both sides of the alley for two blocks and finally came up with a couple of good ones out of a garbage can. One was *Blood and Bombs* and the other *Guts and Glory*. We started the project at 8 p.m. and by 11 we had cut out and pasted to the walls of our living room 147 panels. These ranged from a luxom nurse giving a G.I. a shot of penicillin to a Communist guerrilla with his intestines exposed by mortar fire.

The next day I stomped flat eleven empty cans. We stuck mostly to Campbell soup cans, but threw in a sweet potato can and a cardboard chow mein container for originality. These I nailed to the walnut paneling above the fireplace. When my wife returned from her trip to a nearby drive-in, we took the hamburgers and a single hot dog and affixed them to the north wall of the dining room, then stood back and threw hot chili and beans over the entire arrangement.

No need to tell you that our new art collection is the rage of the community. In the past, we had envied our more financially blessed citizens for their expensive art objects. Now we not only feel their equals, but, if my



## Are alcohol and a nice fragrance all you can expect in an after-shave?

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civil suit for the return of "two old jackets I gave to the Salvation Army is successful. I sincerely feel that we can take one giant leap up the local social ladder to a position of unchallenged eminence."

WILLIAM F. HAFFORD

THOSON, ARIZ.

### Vogue's Vreeland

SR

Delighted with your (May 10) article. It seems to me you did so much with so little.

DIANA VREELAND

New York City

SR

No normal adult male shares Devotion Vreeland's abhorrence of the full-blown male bosom. Diamond Jim Brady's remark about diamonds may be paraphrased with relevance: "I notice them that has 'em, wears 'em."

FRANCIS LYNCH

Los Angeles

### Citizens of Academe

SR

Time is to be commended for opening its pages to an examination of academic freedom (May 12). However, it is unfortunate that your article, at one point, may create the impression that college professors employ academic freedom "to license odd ball behavior" or to "give special sanction to a teacher's statements when made off campus or outside his field" or to "expose incompetence, or exempt professors from criticism."

College professors have not asked for the kind of exemption you describe. They do insist that they be protected from unwarranted assaults when they teach or do research in controversial areas, or when in the performance of their duties they take unpopular positions. Likewise they ask protection from attack by forces which would deny them the ordinary liberties to which all members of the civil community are entitled. In return, they pledge themselves as members of a learned profession and as responsible citizens, "at all times, to be accurate, to exercise appropriate restraint, not show respect for the opinion of others," and to make every effort to indicate that they are not institutional spokesmen.

Professors willingly recognize that "their special position in the community imposes special obligations." However, it would be exceedingly unfortunate if those "special obligations" were used by powerful segments of the public to deprive professors of their rights as citizens to speak forthrightly on all issues of public concern. As you correctly point out, everyone is cheated when the academic scholar takes a "safe" position in the face of strong pressures to conform.

WILLIAM F. FIDLER

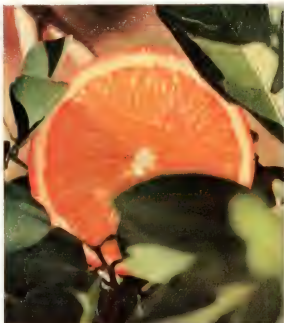
General Secretary

American Association of  
University Professors  
Washington, D.C.

Director of the American Studies Institute, DIME, 814 H St., Washington, D.C. 20004. Phone: 202-338-1100. Fax: 202-338-1101.

At the 1984 Annual Meeting of the American Association of University Professors, held in conjunction with the 100th Anniversary of the American Association of University Professors, the following officers were elected: President, David L. Collier, University of California, Los Angeles; Vice President, David L. Collier, University of California, Los Angeles; Secretary, David L. Collier, University of California, Los Angeles; Treasurer, David L. Collier, University of California, Los Angeles; Executive Director, David L. Collier, University of California, Los Angeles; Past President, David L. Collier, University of California, Los Angeles; Past Secretary, David L. Collier, University of California, Los Angeles; Past Treasurer, David L. Collier, University of California, Los Angeles; Past Executive Director, David L. Collier, University of California, Los Angeles; Past Past President, David L. Collier, University of California, Los Angeles; Past Past Secretary, David L. Collier, University of California, Los Angeles; Past Past Treasurer, David L. Collier, University of California, Los Angeles; Past Past Executive Director, David L. Collier, University of California, Los Angeles.

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A black and white photograph showing a close-up of a hand using a metal tire lever to pry a tire off a wheel. The hand is positioned on the right side of the frame, with the thumb and fingers gripping the handle of the lever. The lever is being used to lift the edge of the tire from the wheel rim. The tire itself is on the left side of the frame, showing a dark, textured tread pattern. The background is a plain, light-colored surface.

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## THE NATION

### RACES

#### Freedom—Now

The blaze of bombs, the dash of blades, the eerie glow of fire, the keening cries of hatred, the wild dance of terror in the night—all this was Birmingham, Ala.

Birmingham's Negroes had always seemed a docile lot. Downtown at night, they slouched in gloomy huddles beneath street lamps, talking softly or not at all. They knew their place: they were "niggers" in a Jim Crow town, and they bore their degradation in silence.

But last week they smashed that image forever. The scenes in Birmingham were unforgettable. There was the Negro youth, sprawled on his back and spinning across the pavement, while firemen battered him with streams of water so powerful that they could strip bark off trees. There was the Negro woman, pinned to the ground by cops, one of them with his knee dug into her throat. There was the white man who watched hymn-singing Negroes burst from a sweltering church and growled, "We ought to shoot every damned one of them." And there was the little Negro girl, splendid in a newly starched dress, who marched out of a church, looked toward a massed line of pistol-packing cops, and called to a laggard friend: "Hurry up, Lucille. If you stay behind, you won't get arrested with our group."

Finally, outlined against the flames that shot 120 ft. in the air, there was the mass of Negroes barring with their bodies and with a rain of rocks, bottles and bricks the firemen who had rushed to save a white man's store.

For more than a month, Negro demonstrations in Birmingham had sputtered, bursting occasionally into flames, then flickering out. Martin Luther King, the Negroes' inspirational but sometimes inept leader, had picked this bastion of racial inequality for the crusade, "because Birmingham is the symbol of segregation." In the last six years, there have been 18 racial bombings (Negroes call it "Bombingham") and more than 20 cross-burnings. Schools are totally segregated. So are restaurants, drinking fountains, toilets. Birmingham gave up its professional baseball team rather than have it playing integrated teams in the International League. The Metropolitan Opera Company no longer visits the city, because officials refused to integrate the municipal auditorium. Parks were shut down last year, be-

cause officials would not integrate them after a court order.

Unquestionably, Birmingham was the toughest segregation town in the South, from the Negroes' viewpoint. And it was symbolized by Public Safety Commissioner Eugene ("Bull") Connor, who had cowed Negroes for 23 years with hoarse threats and club-swinging cops. It was against Connor's Birmingham that King began

New Pilgrim Baptist Church. Outside, Bull Connor massed 50 policemen and a fire truck with water pressure cranked up to 700 lbs. When the crowd of 1,000 poured out of the church just before dusk, they lined up and marched toward the police. A police captain demanded their parade permit. They had none. Seeing the fire hoses, they knelt in silence as a Negro minister solemnly began to pray: "Let



FIRE HOSE BLAST FELS NEGRO YOUTH IN BIRMINGHAM  
"Let them turn their water on. Let them use their dogs."

secretly recruiting volunteers just before last Christmas.

King and Connor clashed head-on. The commissioner had his cops—plus a pack of snarling police dogs and a battery of high-pressure fire hoses. The Negro minister had only the determination and courage of his people. He had mobilized schoolchildren for his freedom parades. Hundreds of kids were in jail, and, as last week began, Birmingham was at the point of explosion.

"Forgive Them." On Sunday, the Negroes tried, as they had before, to worship in white churches. But segregation in Birmingham's Christian churches is nearly as rigid as in public toilets. Negroes got into four churches, were ordered away from 17 others. Late in the afternoon, King called a mass meeting at the

them turn their water on. Let them use their dogs. We are not leaving. Forgive them. O Lord."

Suddenly, inexplicably, in a moment of overt mercy, Bull Connor waved the Negroes through the police line. He allowed them 15 minutes of hymns and prayer in a small park near the city jail; inside, behind bars, hundreds of other Negroes could hear the singing. Returning to the church, the demonstrators were told that Negro children would march again next day—and should carry their toothbrushes with them to use in jail.

The march began a few minutes past 1 o'clock, led by Comedian Dick Gregory, from the 16th Street Baptist Church. When a policeman demanded his parade permit, Gregory spoke softly—in contrast to his wisecracking smart talk to cops



BIRMINGHAM COPS MANHANDLING NEGRO WOMAN  
The children carried toothbrushes.

during last month's Greenwood, Miss., voting registration demonstrations. Gregory and 18 teen-agers in his protest platoon were herded into a paddy wagon. In squads of 20, 30, and 40, more youngsters left the church, were shoved into paddy wagons and taken to jail. Bull Connor arrived and yelled at a police captain: "I told you these sons of bitches ought to be watered down." That night, to shouts of "Amen, brother, amen," a King aide cried: "War has been declared in Birmingham. War has been declared on segregation."

The Negro leaders intended it to be a particular, pacific kind of war. King had preached Gandhi's nonviolent protest gospel ever since he arrived in Birmingham. The demonstrations were meant to be an outgrowth of the passive sit-ins and bus boycotts mounted in other Southern cities. But not every Negro in Birmingham remained so placid before Bull Connor's ferocity.

"Those Black Apes." So there was violence. It began shortly after noon the next day. Connor's cops were relaxed, eating sandwiches and sipping soft drinks. They were caught by surprise when the doors of the 16th Street church were flung open and 2,500 Negroes swarmed out. The Negroes surged across Kelly Ingram Park, burst through the police line, and descended on downtown Birmingham. Yelling and singing, they charged in and out of department stores, jostled whites on the streets, paralyzed traffic.

Recovering, the police got reinforcements. Firemen hooked up their hoses. Motorcycles and squad cars, sirens blaring, rushed into the area. Two policemen grabbed a Negro, shoved him against a storefront—and found themselves caught inside a glowering circle of 300 Negroes. A voice growled menacingly: "Let's free

him." But demonstration leaders quickly broke into the circle and managed to save the policemen.

The riot ebbed—and then, an hour later, exploded again. In Kelly Ingram Park, hundreds of Negroes began lobbing bricks and bottles at the lawmen. A deputy sheriff fell to the pavement, shouting "Those black apes!"

For two hours, the battle raged, but slowly, inexorably, in trucks and cars, the police closed in on the park. The Rev. Fred Shuttlesworth, one of King's top advisers, yelled helplessly at rioters from in front of the church, finally took a blast of water that slammed him violently against a wall. An ambulance took him away, and when Bull Connor heard about it later, he leered in mock despair. "I waited a week down here to see that, and then I missed it. I wish it had been a hearse."

Now it was over. The Negroes were forced back into the church, and Commissioner Connor glared at the closed doors. Said he: "If any of those guys in that church there is a preacher, then I'm a watchmaker—and I've never seen the inside of a watch. They say they're nonviolent? I got three men hurt today. Is that nonviolence?"

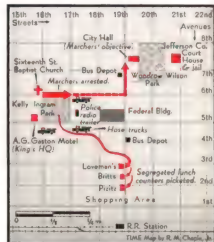
That night, Alabama's ultra-segregationist Governor George Wallace sent 600 men to reinforce Bull Connor's weary cops. And Martin Luther King appeared before his followers to say "We will turn America upside down in order that it turn right side up."

Birmingham had already been upset—and all but overturned. Downtown merchants, plagued for more than a year by a Negro boycott that was 90% effective, saw their profits plunging even more because of the demonstrations. Birmingham's racist reputation had long been bad

enough to frighten away potential industry; rioting by King's forces would further scar the city's image. And, despite the headline-hogging prominence of such racists as Bull Connor and Governor Wallace, there were a significant number of moderates in Birmingham who wanted peace, simply because they believed the Negro indeed deserved better treatment than he was getting. In fact, last month Birmingham had elected Mayor Albert Boutwell, 58, a relatively cool thinker on racial affairs, over Bull Connor.

**The Pallid Peace.** Even as Negroes fought whites on Birmingham's streets, peace talks were under way. A team of Justice Department lawyers, headed by Assistant Attorney General Burke Marshall, went to Birmingham, began a series of meetings with local businessmen. Of the white negotiators, Martin Luther King made four demands: 1) desegregate all public facilities in department and variety stores; 2) give Negroes equal job opportunities; 3) drop all charges against the 2,500 Negroes who had been arrested during the demonstrations; 4) set up a biracial committee to establish a timetable for reopening parks and other facilities which Birmingham's city fathers had closed to avoid integration.

The first meetings were held in deep secrecy, for the white businessmen involved feared both economic and physical reprisals from redneck hoodlums in Birmingham. Marshall attended nearly all of them. Negroes were represented by a local committee, including A. G. Gaston, one of the U.S.'s few Negro millionaires. Sidney Smyer, a lawyer and real estate man, was the chief spokesman for the





whites—and, at week's end, still the only negotiator from that side who had the courage to permit himself to be publicly identified.

There were meetings on Sunday and Monday—handled much like union-management negotiations, with representatives bringing results of the conference back to their leaders. To add to the pressure, the crisis spurred dozens of pleading phone calls from Washington and such Administration officials as Bobby Kennedy, Treasury Secretary Douglas Dillon and Defense Secretary Robert McNamara. Finally the businessmen gave halfhearted agreement to King's demands—but there was no assurance that they could persuade Birmingham's segregationist politicians to go along.

**"We'll Kill You."** It was a truce—but there was to be no peace. Saturday night, after a Ku Klux Klan meeting near Birmingham, two dynamite bombs demolished the home of the Rev. A. D. King, brother of Martin Luther King. The minister, his wife and five children raced to safety just before the second blast. Suddenly, the street filled with Negroes. They hurled stones at policemen, slashed car tires. Within the hour two more bombs exploded at the Gaston Motel, headquarters of the demonstrations.

And Birmingham went to war. Thousands of enraged Negroes surged through the streets, flinging bricks, brandishing knives, pummeling policemen. A white cab driver was knifed, his taxi overturned and burned. A policeman was stabbed in the back and a white youngster's arm was slashed from shoulder to elbow. Negroes put a torch to a white man's delicatessen, fought off firemen as they arrived to put out the blaze. Two Negro homes nearby went up in flames, then three more white men's buildings. The rioters, bathed in the flickering orange light of the flames, looted a liquor store and screamed into the night: "White man, we'll kill you!"

Miraculously, there were no deaths. But Bull Connor's cops, frazzled from

weeks of pressure, were all but helpless. Negro rioters ruled almost until dawn Sunday and calm came only after 250 Alabama state troopers invaded the city.

As the sun rose Sunday, a sullen peace descended on Birmingham. There had been no winners in a war that had no heroes. Bull Connor was by no means Birmingham's only shame; the city's newspapers, for example, put the story of the mid-week riot on an inside page (*see PRESS*). Yet at the same time, Negro Leader King could be criticized for using children as shock troop and for inciting the protests even as a new, relatively moderate city administration was about to take over Birmingham.

President Kennedy also came in for criticism. At his press conference, Kennedy claimed that the Federal Government had done all it legally could do about Birmingham. But that, insisted other leaders, both white and Negro, was untrue. Said Harvard Law School Dean Erwin Griswold, a member of the U.S. Civil Rights Commission: "It seems clear to me that he hasn't even started to use the powers that are available to him." Said N.A.A.C.P. Executive Secretary Roy Wilkins: "White people in Alabama make it impossible for us even to debate whether the President should act. My objectivity went out the window when I saw the picture of those cops sitting on that woman and holding her down by the throat."

Birmingham's Negroes were certainly not worried about legalities; they were not worried about the niceties of "timing," or even about the morality of using children as troops. Instead, theirs was a raging desire to achieve equal human status—now, and by whatever means. Massachusetts Attorney General Edward Brooke, a Negro, expressed it well: "The pressure is mounting. It has been smoldering for some time—many, many years. And it is a justifiable impatience." Bob Eckhardt, a white and a member of the Texas Legislature, put it another way: "The Negroes' goals are not in reach of court decisions any longer."

**It Could Happen Anywhere.** Birmingham therefore set off a chain reaction—uncontrolled. New lunch-counter sit-ins started in Atlanta, Nashville and Raleigh. The N.A.A.C.P. called for peaceful sympathy demonstrations in 100 cities. Jackie Robinson, now a vice president of Chuck Full O' Nuts, said he would go to Birmingham to join in the Negro protest. So did Floyd Patterson. Communism was having a field day. Gloated Radio Moscow: "We have the impression that American authorities both cannot and do not wish to stop outrages by racists."

Perhaps most baleful of all, the Black Muslim movement within the U.S. Negro community took full recruiting advantage of the Birmingham riots. The Black Muslims do not seek integration; they want



**"What Do You Mean, Not So Fast?"**

total separation of the races, with Negroes not only independent but, if possible, superior. Now Malcolm X, top Eastern torchbearer for the militant movement, could only sneer at Martin Luther King's gospel of nonviolence. Said he: "The lesson of Birmingham is that the Negroes have lost their fear of the white man's reprisals and will react with violence, if provoked. This could happen anywhere in the country today."

Last week, at the crest of the crisis, a white Birmingham waitress said to a customer from the North: "Honey, I sure hope the colored don't win. They've won so much around the South. Why, you go down and get on a bus, and a nigger's just liable to sit right down beside you. Oh, that's hurt Birmingham—somethin' awful."

Neither Malcolm X nor the Birmingham waitress represents the majority of their races. But they do represent and symbolize two fixed positions: the Negro who looks with eagerness toward a militant solution, and the unyielding Southerner who hopes not to be further disturbed. There are many other positions, and there is a long gaping valley of confusion and diffusion. It is a great uncharted space where leaders follow and followers lead, for there is no certainty of plan or purpose here. Negro Author James Baldwin (*see following pages*) has illuminated this grey gulf with bolts of intellectual lightning.

Haldwin cries out in hopelessness and helplessness as he gazes across the gulf. For that gulf cannot be bridged by law alone; the law can furnish a foundation upon which Negroes can build to achieve their rights, but it cannot provide education, or cure poverty, or enforce understanding, or give body to an old-fashioned thing called humanity.



**COMMISSIONER CONNOR**  
He longed for a hearse.

**"At the root of the Negro problem is the necessity of the white man to find a way of living with the Negro in order to live with himself."**

**S**TROLLING down a quiet street in a small town, James Baldwin came upon a scene that has since haunted his dreams. From a sunlit patch of grass came the singing laughter of a child. Baldwin looked—and saw a white man swinging his little daughter in the air. "It didn't last for more than a second," recalls Baldwin, "but it was an unforgettable touch of beauty, a glimpse of another world. Then I looked down and saw a shadow. The shadow was a nigger—me."

To Author James Baldwin, 38, this parable reveals everything worth knowing about the black man's view of himself in 20th century white America. It also reveals much about James Baldwin himself. He is not, by any stretch of the imagination, a Negro leader. He tries no civil rights cases in the courts, preaches from no pulpit, devises no stratagems for his. Freedom Riders or street marchers. He published an essay in 1959 called *Nobody Knows My Name*, and four years later in Birmingham and Harlem, and in all the Birmingham and Harlems in the nation and the world, most Negroes still do not know his name. He is a nervous, slight, almost fragile figure, filled with frets and fears. He is effeminate in manner, drinks considerably, smokes cigarettes in chains, and he often loses his audience with overblown arguments. Nevertheless, in the U.S. today there is not another writer—white or black—who expresses with such poignancy and abrasiveness the dark realities of the racial ferment in North and South.

Last week Baldwin was in California hopping from city to city to talk to college and high school students. Thrust from typewriter to rostrum by virtue of a widely acclaimed, blistering essay in *The New Yorker* (TIME, Jan. 4), now in book form under the title *The Fire Next*

*Time*, Baldwin spared his audiences nothing. He spoke not for himself but for all Negroes to all whites. "I hoed a lot of cotton," he said. "I laid a lot of track. I dammed a lot of rivers. You wouldn't have had this country if it hadn't been for me . . . When I was going to school, I began to be bugged by the teaching of American history, because it seemed that history had been taught without cognizance of my presence. It is my responsibility now to give you as true a version of your history as I can."

**Identity & Myths.** The history, as Baldwin sees it, is an unending story of man's inhumanity to man, of the white's refusal to see the black simply as another human being, of the white man's delusions and the Negro's demoralization. The theme floods his novels and essays. The white man, he writes, is guilt-ridden and sex-ridden, and he has managed over the years to delude himself by transferring his own failures onto the Negro. "At the root of the American Negro problem is the necessity of the American white man to find a way of living with the Negro in order to be able to live with himself. And the history of this problem can be reduced to the means used by Americans—lynch law and law, segregation and legal acceptance, terrorization and concession—either to come to terms with this necessity, or to find a way around it, or (most usually) to find a way of doing both these things at once . . . In this long battle, the white man's motive was the protection of his identity; the black man was motivated by the need to establish an identity." And this has led to a polarization of deep passions: the Negro's rage and the white man's terror.

"I think," writes Baldwin, "if one examines the myths which have proliferated in this country concerning the Negro, one

discovers beneath these myths a kind of sleeping terror of some condition which we refuse to imagine. In a way, if the Negro were not here, we might be forced to deal within ourselves and our own personalities with all those vices, all those conundrums and all those mysteries with which we have invested the Negro race. Uncle Tom is, for example, if he is called Uncle, a kind of saint. He is there, he endures, he will forgive us, and this is a key to that image. But if he is not Uncle, if he is merely Tom, he is a danger to everybody. He will wreak havoc on the countryside. When he is Uncle Tom, he has no sex—when he is Tom, he does—and this obviously says much more about the people who invented this myth than it does about the people who are the object of it." The Negro is thus penalized for "the guilty imagination of the white people who invest him with their hates and longings, and is the principal target of their sexual paranoia."

**Fear & Acceptance.** And what of the Negro's rage? It grows, says Baldwin, from the white man's "sleeping terror."

"We would never, never allow Negroes to starve, to grow bitter, and to die in ghettos all over the country if we were not driven by some nameless fear that has nothing to do with Negroes. We would never victimize, as we do, children whose only crime is color, and keep them, as we put it, in their place. We wouldn't drive Negroes mad as we do by accepting them in ballparks, and on concert stages, but not in our homes, and not in our neighborhoods, and not in our churches."

Negro rage is provoked furthermore, by the white man's insistence on his own superiority, by his demand that the Negro, to achieve equality, must be accepted according to the white man's own definition of acceptability. "I do not know

BALDWIN ADDRESSING UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA STUDENTS





UNCLE TOM (By Miguel Covarrubias)

many Negroes who are eager to be 'accepted' by white people," writes Baldwin, "still less to be loved by them; they, the blacks, simply don't wish to be beaten over the head by the whites every instant of our brief passage on this planet.

"White people will have quite enough to do in learning how to accept and love themselves and each other, and when they have achieved this—which will not be tomorrow, and may very well be never—the Negro problem will no longer exist for it will no longer be needed.

"The Negro's experience of the white world cannot possibly create in him any respect for the standards by which the white world claims to live. His own condition is proof that white people do not live by these standards. Negro servants have been smuggling odds and ends out of white homes for generations, and white people have been delighted to have them do it, because it has assuaged a dim guilt and testified to the intrinsic superiority of white people. . . . In any case, white people, who had robbed black people of their liberty and who profited by this theft every hour that they lived, had no moral ground on which to stand."

**Watermelon & Images.** The Negro no longer can be controlled by white America's image of him. "This fact," says Baldwin, "has everything to do with the rise of Africa in world affairs. At the time that I was growing up, Negroes in this country were taught to be ashamed of Africa. They were taught it bluntly, as I was, for example, by being told that Africa had never contributed 'anything' to civilization."

The lengths to which Harlem-born Baldwin, the son of a Baptist preacher, tried to escape the association with Africans—with Negroes, really—was pathetic. Baldwin himself avoided eating watermelon for years. At home, "one's hair was always being attacked with hard brushes and combs and Vaseline; it was shameful to have 'nappy' hair." One's legs and arms and face were always being greased, so that one would not look 'ashy' in the wintertime. One was always being mercilessly scrubbed and polished, as though in the

hope that a stain could thus be washed away. . . . The women were forever straightening and curling their hair, and using bleaching creams. And yet it was clear that none of this would release one from the stigma of being a Negro: this effort merely increased the shame and rage. There was not, no matter where one turned, any acceptable image of oneself, no proof of one's existence. One had the choice, either of 'acting just like a nigger' or of not acting just like a nigger—and only those who have tried it know how impossible it is to tell the difference."

**North & South.** White liberals are often unable to see the Negro in human terms, and the sensitive Negro antenna can read that fact deep in the liberal's mind ("Let the liberal white bastard squirm," broods a Negro character in Baldwin's *Another Country*). Baldwin cites a passage from Beatnik Author (*On the Road*) Jack Kerouac to make his point: "At lilac evening I walked with every muscle aching. . . wishing I were a Negro, feeling that the best the white world had offered was not enough ecstasy for me, not enough life, joy, kicks, music. . . ." Says Baldwin: "I would hate to be in Kerouac's shoes if he should ever be mad enough to read this aloud from the stage of Harlem's Apollo Theatre."

Baldwin perceives curious differences in white attitudes in the North and South. Negroes, he writes, represent nothing to the Northerner personally, "except perhaps the dangers of carnality. He never sees Negroes. Southerners see them all the time. Northerners never think about them, whereas Southerners are never really thinking of anything else. Negroes are, therefore, ignored in the North and are under surveillance in the South, and suffer hideously in both places. . . . It seems to be indispensable to the national self-esteem that the Negro be considered either as a kind of ward, or as a victim. They are two sides of the same coin, and the South will not change—cannot change—until the North changes."

**Change.** Baldwin offers no easy answers for an end to the rage and the terror. The Black Muslims, with their philosophy of separatism, frighten him. "I consider them really irresponsible in the most serious way—irresponsible in terms of what I consider to be their obligations to the Negro community, as all racists are irresponsible. They batten on the despair of black men."

Not law, but morality is the basis of Baldwin's hopes. He says: "It is the responsibility of free men to trust and to celebrate what is constant—birth, struggle and death are constant, and so is love—and to apprehend the nature of change to be able and willing to change. I speak of change not on the surface but in the depths—change in the sense of renewal. But renewal becomes impossible if one supposes things to be constant that are not—safety, for example, or money, or power." The Negro can achieve the na-



CARNALITY (By Actress Diahann Carroll)

tion's destruction, says Baldwin, through "the abdication by Americans of any effort really to be free. The Negro can precipitate this abdication because white Americans have never, in all their long history, been able to look on him as a man like themselves.

"White Americans find it as difficult as white people elsewhere do to divest themselves of the notion that they are in possession of some intrinsic value that black people need, or want. And this assumption—which, for example, makes the solution to the Negro problem depend on the speed with which Negroes accept and adopt white standards—is revealed in all kinds of striking ways, from Bobby Kennedy's assurance that a Negro can become President in 40 years to the unfortunate tone of warm congratulation with which so many liberals address their Negro equals. . . .

The only way that the white man can be released from the Negro's tyrannical power over him is to consent, in effect, to become black himself, to become a part of that suffering and dancing country that he now watches wistfully from the heights of his lonely power and armed with spiritual traveler's checks visits surreptitiously after dark. . . . The price of the liberation of the white people is the liberation of the blacks—the total liberation, in the cities, in the towns, before the law, and in the mind."

**Fire & Pain.** In the same terms, thanks to his newly assumed role of reluctant lecturer, Author Baldwin has now begun to exhort his own people to accept the past and learn to live with it. "I beg the black people of this country," said he last week, "to do something which I know to be very difficult: to be proud of the auction block, and all that rope, and all that fire, and all that pain."

Whenever he walks onstage to address a crowd of whites or blacks, James Baldwin takes the microphone and cries: "Can you hear me? . . . Can you all hear me?" If he can make himself heard—in depths far beyond the capacity of the human ear—everybody will know his name, and it won't be "Boy," and it won't be "Nigger."

## ARMED FORCES

### "Guys Who Get in Their Way"

The dirty work fell to Deputy Defense Secretary Roswell Gilpatrick. On Sunday afternoon he drove to the official quarters, atop Observatory Hill in northwest Washington, of the U.S. Chief of Naval Operations. There he informed Admiral George W. Anderson Jr. that he would not be reappointed when his present two-year term is up in August.

Anderson was stunned. So was most of the Navy. "A military man has really got to bow to this Kennedy crowd," said an admiral who is close to Anderson. "Guys who get in their way get knocked off." And Anderson had been getting in

doro and Coral Sea), as director of air warfare in the office of the Chief of Naval Operations and as deputy assistant chief of staff at SHAPE headquarters in Europe. In July 1961, he took over from Admiral Anderson as commander of the Mediterranean Sixth Fleet, a job that McDonald saw as that of "a kind of roving ambassador of good will." Last month he was promoted to admiral over 27 more senior vice admirals and assigned the European command.

**Reminder from the Boss.** When McDonald takes over as Navy chief in August, President Kennedy said last week, Anderson will "continue to serve the Government in a position of high responsibility." That position will probably be a



ADMIRAL ANDERSON

Now hear this: "I expect everyone to fall in line."



ADMIRAL McDONALD

the way of Defense Secretary Robert McNamara for quite a while.

**A Question of Style.** Anderson was critical of McNamara's centralized style of management. During last October's Cuba crisis, when McNamara insisted on supervising the smallest details of the U.S. blockade, Anderson protested that operations should be left to the military professionals. Last February, Anderson testified before Congress that the Navy needed more men, more ships and more planes than McNamara's budget provided. Going over McNamara's head to the President, Anderson argued that the Navy should have a greater say-so about its spending programs. In the TFX controversy, Anderson spoke out against McNamara even more bluntly than General Curtis LeMay, who, it was announced, will be reappointed as Air Force Chief of Staff. Anderson insisted that military men, not civilians, should decide on specifications for combat aircraft. Finally, Anderson did not get along with Navy Secretary Fred Korth, who recommended that he be dropped as the Navy's chief.

To succeed Anderson, President Kennedy named Admiral David Lamar McDonald, 56, commander of U.S. Naval Forces in Europe. A member of the Annapolis class of '38, McDonald has served as an aircraft-carrier commander (Min-

diplomatic post in the Mediterranean area, where Anderson can continue to put his naval experience to use. But whatever Anderson's new job, the shift reminded the Pentagon once again that McNamara means to be in absolute charge. Once a decision is made, McNamara said recently, "by God, I expect everyone to fall in line. You can't run a military organization with divided authority."

## THE PRESIDENCY

### Amid Affairs of State

On a typical morning last week, the President at:

**9:30 a.m.** Pinned American Automobile Association gold medals on seven boys and one girl, aged 11 to 15, who as members of school safety patrols had saved schoolmates or other persons from possible death or injury. He was "very proud" of them, the President said.

**10 a.m.** Met with 80 or so members of the Association of American Editorial Cartoonists and their wives in the White House Rose Garden, managed to chuckle at 92 cartoons featuring John F. Kennedy, jokingly told the cartoonists that he is really "much thinner" and much less hairy-headed than they had depicted him.

**10:30 a.m.** Delivered, at Arlington Cemetery, a speech extolling Ignace Jan

Paderewski, the great Polish pianist and patriot who died in the U.S. in 1941. Occasion: the dedication of a plaque marking Paderewski's crypt. Paderewski was buried at Arlington, said the President with the understanding that "when Poland would one day be free again, he would be returned to his native country. That day has not yet come, but I believe that in this land of the free, Paderewski rests easily."

**11:30 a.m.** Made a speech, this time in the Departmental Auditorium, lauding the work of the President's Committee on Employment of the Handicapped.

That afternoon the President defended his tax-cut and budget policies in a luncheon speech to the trustees of the Committee for Economic Development, an association of high-level businessmen and educators. In a question-and-answer session afterward, he said that "it would be a mistake" to save money by slowing down U.S. space programs, predicted the Russians would make "spectacular efforts" in space "in the coming months."

On other days last week, the President: **Named retired Navy Captain William Robert Anderson, 41,** the man who in 1958 skipped the nuclear submarine *Nautilus* on man's first voyage under the polar icecap, to head up the not-yet-existent National Service Corps, sometimes referred to as the domestic Peace Corps. Until such time as Congress passes the President's National Service Corps bill, Anderson—no kin to Admiral George Anderson, who was fired as CNO the same day—will serve as a "presidential consultant" on the project.

**Telephoned greetings to Harry Truman** on his 79th birthday.

**Told his midweek press conference** that he was "not hopeful" about the prospects for a nuclear test ban agreement with Russia.

**Let it be known** that he had rented his new seven-bedroom ranch house on Rattlesnake Mountain for the summer to A. Dana Hodgdon, a Washington broker, for a reported \$1,000 a month.

**Appointed his sometime Harvard classmate, Benjamin A. Smith II,** to be chairman of the U.S. delegation at next month's North Pacific Fisheries Conference (U.S., Canada, Japan). Smith was the friend whom Kennedy picked to hold his old Senate seat in 1961-62 until Teddy was ready to run for it.

## THE CONGRESS

### Above Inhibition

At 84, Missouri's Democratic Representative Clarence Cannon is gnarled, grouchy, and filled with angry energy. When he complains into House microphones about the wasteful ways of Government, the New Frontiersmen get worried—with good reason.

Government spending is probably the biggest legislative issue of 1963—and Cannon, chairman of the House Appropriations Committee, has a lot to say about the Kennedy Administration's record-breaking \$98.8 billion budget. Every-



thing from ordering a new missile to building a new mile of highway must wait for action by Appropriations. And Cannon is proud of being a cheapskate with the taxpayers' money.

**"We Must Cut."** Ever since he went to Congress in 1922 (after a decade on Speaker Champ Clark's staff and as House parliamentarian), cranky Clarence has crumped around Capitol Hill, gaining few close friends, many enemies, and a great respect for his crafty mastery of the parliamentary and political intricacies of the House. A little fellow (5 ft. 7 in., 140 lbs.), he has nonetheless had three fistfights with fellow Congressmen. His spending credo is simple: "We just must cut everything we can." Yet there is cause for his cantankerousness, which can only be born of frustration. For during the 18 years that he has been chairman of the Appropriations Committee, the U.S. Government has spent \$1,404,825,266.705.

One great Cannon cross is the U.S. Senate, which he accuses of larding great gobs of cash onto spending bills that the House has cut to the bone. Last year Cannon propelled a resolution through his committee that charged the Senate with profligacy, noting that in the past ten years Senators had restored \$22 billion previously slashed by the House. Virginia's Democratic Senator Willis Robertson, no great spender himself, called the resolution "the most insulting document that one body has ever sent to another." As he recalls that uproar, Clarence Cannon's face still fractures itself in a smile. He insists that the Senate has become much more responsible because of his taunts. "Why," he chuckles, "the first bill we sent over there this year, they cut it and cut it. They never used to do that at all."

**"Never Such a Budget."** Cannon is a proud Democrat ("It's the party to save the country"), and he thinks well of John Kennedy ("I'm strong for him"). But those emotions did not curtail his criticism of the President's budget message

last January. Said Cannon to his House colleagues: "I have listened to messages from Presidents here in the House for 40 years, but in all that time I have never seen or heard a budget message like this one. And neither have you. Nor has anyone else."

Since then, Cannon's Appropriations Committee has not been notably rapid in sending spending bills to the House floor. When two of the first bills—for the Department of Labor and the Department of Health, Education and Welfare—did clear Appropriations last month, they totaled \$5.4 billion, or \$309.5 million less than the Administration had requested. That pleased Democrat Cannon. Says he: "Worrying about the party stand on something like that is an inhibition I don't have."

## POLITICS

### Cutting the Cake

At a Washington gathering some time ago, President Kennedy asked Democratic National Chairman John M. Bailey what he had been doing lately. "I've been keeping out of trouble," Bailey replied. So he had. Longtime boss of the Democratic Party in his home state of Connecticut, Bailey, 58, is a behind-the-scenes politician who knows that one way to avoid putting his foot into his mouth is to keep it shut. Lately, however, Bailey's name has been prominently mentioned in a state insurance investigation.

The Connecticut state government places its fire, casualty and related insurance through a single "agency of record" which thereby collects lush commissions. This agency distributes part of the commission cake to politically deserving "sub-agents" who do little if anything for the money they get. The arrangement was authorized by a state law in 1939, and Republicans, when they held power in Connecticut, also took full political advantage of it.

**The Coup.** Early this year state Republicans got wind of some politically intriguing facts about the agency of record, the John P. Kelly Co. A married daughter and an 18-year-old son of Chairman Bailey's own 50% of the outstanding stock, and Bailey's son-in-law, Conrad J. Kronholm Jr., is a member of the firm. Founded by a longtime political and business partner of Bailey's, the Kelly agency was incorporated in October 1958, only a few weeks before Abraham Ribicoff, a Bailey man, got elected Governor, ending a stretch of Republican rule in Connecticut. Right after taking over, the Ribicoff administration selected the Kelly firm to be the state's agency of record. That was a considerable coup for a small recently incorporated agency with capital of only \$10,000 (of which Bailey put up \$2,000). Since then, the firm has received an estimated \$600,000 in commissions on state business.

Undertaking an investigation, a committee of the Republican-controlled house of representatives asked the Kelly agency for a list of who got what sub-agent pay



ALFRED EISENSTADT—LIFE  
CONNECTICUT'S BAILEY  
Is \$20,000 so small?

ments. The agency balked, obtained a court injunction barring the committee from subpoenaing records. Then, two weeks ago, the house authorized the chamber as a whole to pursue the investigation.

**The Cave-In.** The Kelly agency caved in, released a list of 126 sub-agents who got pieces of the commission cake. Total subagent payments over the past four years came to \$367,000. John M. Golden, Connecticut's Democratic national committeeman, got \$4,000. Robert J. Beckwith, a top aide of Democratic Governor John Dempsey, collected \$7,225. Bailey's son-in-law got \$7,750.

Bailey's son and daughter did pretty well too. When asked how much they had collected in dividends on their Kelly stock, Bailey had refused to give any figures—said the amount was "surprisingly small." Last week, under the prod of publicity, the Kelly agency revealed that over four years the son and daughter between them have received \$20,000 in dividends on their father's \$2,000 investment.

### With a Little Bit . . .

Maryland's Theodore Roosevelt McKeldin is a Republican of partly Irish descent who believes in the luck of the shamrock, the shillelagh—and Baltimore's Southern Hotel. It was at the Southern that McKeldin listened to election returns in 1950 and heard himself elected Governor of Maryland for the first of two terms. And it was to the Southern that McKeldin, citing its good luck charms, returned last week to hear himself elected as Baltimore's second Republican mayor in 36 years (the other, in 1943: T. R. McKeldin).

McKeldin, 62, defeated Incumbent Democratic Mayor Philip H. Goodman, 48, by 108,305 to 103,741—despite a recorded John Kennedy plug for Goodman that the Democrats played repeatedly over Baltimore's radio stations. In a city with a 1-10-1 Democratic registration advantage, luck did seem to play a part in McKeldin's victory. Goodman, a former state senator, had been accounted



MISSOURI'S CANNON  
Is \$1,404,825,266.705 too much?

a pretty good mayor, who kept city hall afloat with housing, traffic-safety, street-maintenance and law-enforcement plans. But he is a dull speaker with little appeal to the voters. McKeldin, on the other hand, is a onetime Dale Carnegie Institute instructor who has obviously kissed the Blarney stone; his oratory earned him the honor of nominating Dwight Eisenhower at the Republican National Convention in 1952.

Still McKeldin was the underdog. But the Republican candidate for city comptroller withdrew after a firm he once headed was found insolvent by the Baltimore Circuit Court. The G.O.P. filled the vacancy with Hyman Pressman, a Democrat who had switched tickets after losing his own party's nomination for comptroller. Pressman, self-styled "watchdog of Baltimore's budget, is a perennial candidate for one office or another and, while never before a winner, he has a considerable following. Baltimore politicians figured that his presence on the ticket attracted enough Democrats to put McKeldin (and himself) across.

## AGRICULTURE

### The Wheat War

In North Dakota red, white and blue billboards urge farmers to protect freedom by voting no. In Colorado bright yellow broadsides urge farmers to protect their incomes by voting yes. In every wheat-growing state in the union, wheat farmers are being assailed by posters, pamphlets, newspaper ads, broadcasts, bumper stickers and speeches, all intended to influence their votes in the May 21 national wheat referendum. Never in the history of U.S. agriculture has a crop referendum stirred such torrential efforts at persuasion.

The wheat farmers will be voting on whether to accept or reject Agriculture Secretary Orville Freeman's drastic control program designed to cope with the

wheat surplus (TIME cover April 5). If two-thirds of those voting approve the plan, it will become mandatory for the entire 1964 wheat crop. The Agriculture Department will tell each wheat grower how many acres of wheat he can plant and how many bushels he can market under a complex "certificate" plan. And what does the farmer get out of it? A high support price of \$1 a bushel on most of his wheat plus "diversion payments" on the acreage he takes out of wheat production. If the plan fails to get a two-thirds majority, a relatively meager support price of about \$1.25 a bushel will be available for growers who voluntarily restrict themselves to assigned acreage quotas. Other farmers will be free to grow as much wheat as they choose without any price-support help at all. Secretary Freeman has repeatedly said that the market price of wheat would fall to \$1 a bushel, but his figure is a mere guess. At any rate, he says the issue before the farmers is plain and simple: \$1 wheat or \$1 wheat.

"Two-Bit Politics." The Chicago-headquartered American Farm Bureau Federation, biggest of U.S. farmer organizations, insists that the real issue is "freedom to farm." If the Freeman plan wins, says the Farm Bureau's President Charles Shuman, the Federal Government will proceed to extend strict controls over all segments of U.S. agriculture. If the wheat farmers reject the plan, he argues, Congress will pass less restrictive wheat legislation. The Farm Bureau insists that Congress would not let the price of wheat fall to \$1 a bushel, dismisses Freeman's \$1 warning as "two-bit politics." In an effort to help Freeman's case, President Kennedy declared at his press conference last week that he was "sure" Congress would not enact new wheat legislation this year if the farmers vote down the Freeman plan.

Freeman has fought hard to assure victory on May 21. The Agriculture Department has declared that it is not attempt-

ing to influence the outcome, but the department's publications explaining the wheat plan have made it abundantly clear to farmers that Freeman thinks they would be fools to vote against it. Under Freeman's guidance, six U.S. farmer organizations formed a National Wheat Committee to harvest yes votes. The committee has recruited townspeople in wheat areas—bankers, merchants, lawyers, local officials—to help persuade the farmers. In Keenesburg, Colo., for example, the Citizens State Bank placed in the local newspaper an ad warning farmers that the bank will have to tighten credit to wheat farmers if the Freeman plan is voted down.

"Blackjack Tactics." Freeman's battle for yes votes has brought charges that he is violating the spirit of the law requiring the Agriculture Department to merely present the facts, pro and con. After Freeman recently assured Congress that he had not tried to influence the wheat farmers' votes, Montana's Republican Congressman James F. Harkin charged him with duplicity, called for his resignation. Last week the House Republican Conference issued a statement accusing Freeman of "half-truths" and "blackjack tactics." Freeman, the Republicans charged, was trying to turn the referendum into a "plebiscendum."

Freeman has an unforeseen ally on his side—the dry weather that has afflicted great stretches of the Great Plain this spring. Western Kansas saw its driest April since 1887. Six counties in Colorado have asked for governmental drought assistance. As some observers see it, many wheat farmers who might otherwise vote against Freeman will look at their parched fields and decide that they are going to need all the federal help they can get. So far, nobody has accused Freeman of rigging the weather.

## LABOR

### Jimmy & the Jury

Hard-eyed Teamster Boss Jimmy Hoffa seems to get into and out of hot water almost as regularly as a wash-and-wear shirt. He has been on trial in federal courts four times in the past six years, escaping with two acquittals and two hung juries. Last week fresh difficulties with the Feds descended upon Hoffa: a federal grand jury in Nashville, Tenn., indicted him on charges that he "did unlawfully, willfully and knowingly" conspire with six co-conspirators to influence members of a jury.

The alleged jury tampering occurred while Hoffa was on trial in a federal court in Nashville last year. The charge against him then was that he and a Teamster crony had received \$1,000,000 in illegal payments from a trucking company through a truck-leasing firm nominally owned by their wives. Judge William L. Miller declared a mistrial when the jury failed to reach a verdict (TIME, Jan. 20). Afterward, Miller said there had been evidence of "illegal and improper attempts" to influence jurors, and he ordered a special grand jury investigation. In its re-



WHEAT GROWERS DISCUSS REFERENDUM IN FORT COLLINS, COLO.  
Choosing between freedom and cash.

dictment, the grand jury charged that Hoffa, through one co-conspirator or another, made these offers:

► To the son of a juror named Gratin Fields, \$5,000 for himself and \$5,000 for his father if the son would influence his father to vote for Hoffa's acquittal.

► To the husband of another jury member, Mrs. James M. Paschal, help in getting a promotion if he was a state highway patrolman if he would persuade his wife to vote for acquittal.

► To a prospective juror, James C. Tipples, \$10,000 for an acquittal vote.

In addition to these charges, Hoffa faces a possible retrial of the original Nashville case, plus a separate trial in a federal court in Florida on charges of fraud and conspiracy in connection with a Teamster real estate venture. Despite these legal troubles, Hoffa still retains a firm grip on the steering wheel of his huge Teamsters Union. Only two weeks ago, he won a decisive victory over insurgent Teamsters in Pennsylvania, New Jersey, Maryland and Delaware. A National Labor Relations Board election gave Teamsters in the four-state region a choice between Hoffa's union and a rival union set up by the rebels. Although the insurgents were actively supported by the A.F.L.-C.I.O., the Teamsters voted by a two-to-one margin to stick with Hoffa.

## NEW YORK

### Happy Honeymoon

The bride wore a plaid sports shirt and blue jeans that were several sizes too big. The groom wore an open-necked blue shirt, faded jeans, pals boots. Astride horses, surrounded by prize Santa Gertrudis cattle, backdropped by the Andes Governor and Mrs. Nelson Rockefeller played host last week to newsmen while honeymooning at Monte Sacro, a 14,826-acre Rockefeller ranch in Venezuela.

Invited by her new husband to pick any horse in the corral as a gift, the former Margaretta ("Happy") Murphy, 36, selected a Venezuelan champion stallion named Oleaje. Beamed Rocky: "She chose the best horse in the lot." Rockefeller was less proud, but amused, when Happy walked up to one animal in the cattle herd and quipped: "This is the first time I have been face-to-face with a bull." Whispered the Governor: "That's not a bull, that's a cow."

The newlyweds changed the tie to a light tweed jacket, tie, rust slacks; she to an orange frock for a lunch with some 30 reporters and photographers. Rockefeller declined to talk politics. Mrs. Rockefeller said that she had been "called Happy since I was a baby—I would not answer right away if somebody called me Margaretta." She spends much of her time, she said, with her children, or listening to classical records (Wagner, Mozart) or reading (latest novel: *To Kill a Mockingbird*). Despite all the publicity, she insisted, "I am the wife of a public figure but not one in my own right."

With that, the couple went into seclusion on the ranch, which is 125 miles



THE ROCKEFELLERS ON VENEZUELA RANCH  
Sorting out the differences.

southwest of Caracas and was once owned by Simón Bolívar. The Rockefellers picnicked on a 6,500-ft. mountain, relaxed in the white twelve-room hacienda. They were isolated from the rest of the world except for a single radiotelephone circuit.

Critical Clergymen. Meanwhile, away from the ranch, there was continued criticism of the wedding, especially by clergymen. Declared Philadelphia's Methodist Bishop Fred Pierce Corson: "It is an appalling shock to the moral sensibilities and sense of fair play of the rank and file of Americans." Stepping out of his field he predicted that the marriage could cost Rockefeller "three to five million votes" if he becomes the Republican nominee for President. Said Dr. Daniel A. Poling, editor of the Protestant *Christian Herald*: "I agree with those, and there are many, who will see him as a man who broke up a family in which there were four young children. As of here and now, I could not vote for him." Said the Rev. Dr. Benjamin Browne, president of the American Baptist Convention: "I am not sure that the standards of national life are helped very much by a public leader who, after he had broken up two families, says, 'I'm very happy myself.'" In a biting editorial, Baltimore's weekly *Catholic Review* said: "The founder of Christianity insisted that no man should put asunder those whom God had joined together. He clearly taught that a man commits adultery when he puts away his wife and marries another. One friend of the Governor's stated that voters prefer a candidate to have a wife at his side. Our question is, Whose?"

Deluged by letters of protest, New York's Hudson River Presbytery initiated steps to discipline the Rev. Marshall L. Smith, who performed the wedding on the Laurance Rockefeller estate at Pocantico Hills. Smith violated the Presbyterian

Church Constitution, which requires that persons divorced less than a year can be married only with special permission from the local presbytery. Happy was divorced from Dr. James Murphy in Idaho on April 1. Rocky from Mrs. Mary Todd-hunter Clark Rockefeller 14 months ago. Rockefeller is a Baptist; Happy, raised as an Episcopalian, recently became a Presbyterian. Both frequently attended Smith's interdenominational church in Pocantico Hills.

Irrelevant? General press reaction was far less critical than that of the clergy. Many of the nation's newspaper editors seemed to agree with the New York Herald Tribune, which declared: "Governor Rockefeller's remarriage has no relevance to his qualifications for high government office." New York Times Columnist James Reston, however, argued that "newspapers are not a very reliable guide to the true feelings of the people." Wrote he: "The presidency is a model standing at the pinnacle of the nation's life. What others may do, he may not always or even ever do, but what he does in his private life lends itself to imitation throughout the land."

Few politicians are yet ready to count Rocky out of the 1964 race, although they seem to agree that he no longer seems so certain to get the G.O.P. nomination. Much of the adverse reaction, they note, is based on the fact that Dr. Murphy now has possession of his and Happy's four children. While the divorce settlement does not grant exclusive custody to either parent, neither does it provide specifically for joint custody, and the precise arrangement has thus far been kept secret. In any event, Rocky's remarriage may not work entirely to his political disadvantage. For, as one Eastern politician put it: "If everyone who is divorced, or who would like to be divorced, were to vote for Rockefeller, he would be in as President."

# THE HEMISPHERE

## CANADA

### A Weekend at Jack's

Mops flew and paintbrushes were busy at the Kennedy compound in Hyannisport. It was spring cleaning time, and special elbow grease was necessary. Lester B. Pearson, Canada's Prime Minister of a month, was flying in for the first weekend of the season, and the President wanted everything shipshape.

Up from Washington hurried a special



PEARSON & HOST  
Even the tulips bloomed.

housekeeping crew to clear away the winter's cobwebs from Kennedy's rambling white clapboard cottage. Across the way at Bobby's house, where Mike Pearson would sleep, roofers scamped around repairing gutters and tacking down loose shingles. Well drillers sank a dry shaft into the front lawn to take the roof runoff in case it rained. Over in the Hyannis-marina four miles away, a presidential yacht, the *Patrick J.*, bobbed at anchor all tuned and ready for an afternoon's cruise. Baxter's Fish Market was standing anxiously by, awaiting the order for lobsters and fish for chowder. White House Chef René Verdon had bought \$100 worth of food at a Hyannis supermarket, and carefully insisted on his full quota of trading stamps.

**Years of Diplomacy.** A friendly crowd of 500 was at Otis Air Force Base as Pearson's Comet touched down from Ottawa. After striding forward to meet his northern neighbor, Kennedy set the tone of the meeting. "We share more than geography," he said. "A history, a common commitment to freedom and a common hope for freedom, and in this great cause Canada and the U.S. stand side by side." Then the two men were off to begin their conversations. As he stood on Kennedy's front lawn in a blustery Cape Cod wind, Pearson was asked by shiver-

ing reporters what he thought about the weather. "It's far worse here than where I come from," he grinned. Retorted Kennedy: "It takes years of diplomacy to be able to say that." Diplomatic as ever Pearson continued: "When we've finished our talks, it'll be warm and sunny. There'll be blue skies and tulips."

Sunny it was, at least in talk. Out on the Kennedy patio in wicker chairs, walking around the deep green lawn, beside a crackling fire or over poached flounder the two talked for ten hours in all. The substance was about as expected. Canada will live up to its word on nuclear arms; U.S. and Canadian officials will work out new arrangements for sharing defense production; labor leaders from both sides will meet to settle a bitter dispute between rival Canadian and U.S. unions on the Great Lakes. The list of topics also included trade across the border; the Columbia River power project, which has been stalled for two years. Canada's desire for a twelve-mile fishing limit.

**Marginal Notes.** The President and the Prime Minister were quite obviously pleased with their accomplishment and felt that most, if not all, the differences that had arisen between the two countries in the last year of the Diefenbaker regime had been dispelled. At a cocktail party the first afternoon, Pearson brought down the roof by quipping, when an aide handed him a memo, "Mr. President, I've just found this piece of paper lying around. I'd better check to make sure there are no marginal notes on it." Humor and good fellowship filled the room, and Pearson moved easily among the reporters, exchanging jokes and talking about baseball. "Well," he said, "I used to be in the opposition so I've always felt a certain affinity for the New York Mets and their troubles. Now, of course, I support the Yankees."

## HISPANIOLA

### Continued Deterioration

The scene at Miami International Airport was sadly familiar. A Pan American DC-6B rolled to a halt, and TV cameras panned in as 115 refugees filed from the plane. But these passengers were from François Duvalier's Haiti—not Castro's Cuba—and they were the first of 1,300 U.S. citizens advised by the State Department to leave because of continued deterioration on the small Caribbean island.

In a week of urgent diplomatic maneuver and in an atmosphere of violence and vengeance, everyone waited to see whether the dictator who calls himself "Papa Doc" would fall, and in falling bring on another

of the blood baths that have marked the small Negro republic's history. In his white Port-au-Prince palace, Duvalier clung to power, guarded by his *Tonton Macoute* hoodlums. There was sporadic fighting between Duvalier's men and the emboldened opposition and dark rumors of many deaths.

Diplomatically, the arguments turned on the safety of 103 Haitians who had taken asylum at Latin American embassies in the capital, and had not been permitted safe conduct out of the country. In the neighboring Dominican Republic, President Juan Bosch threatened military action unless the refugees in the Dominican embassy were allowed to leave Haiti, Dominican and Haitian troops faced each other across the dirt road that cuts through the green hills along the border. Under such pressure Duvalier finally relented and at week's end allowed the asylees to begin flying out of Haiti.

**Color Line.** With most Latin American nations standing against him, Duvalier sent an emissary flying to Manhattan to plead his case before the United Nations Security Council. Haiti's Foreign Minister René Chalmers pictured poor Negro Haiti as surrounded on all sides by enemies. "The Haitian people are determined to defend their sovereignty and independence, and in so doing they are defending the cause of the black peoples," said Chalmers. "The independence of the only black nation in America must be safeguarded." The Russians used the occasion to work up anti-Yankee propaganda, but Haiti's appeal to the Afro-Asian bloc fell flat, and the Security Council blocked the issue back to the Organization of American States.

The OAS voted to send a second peace-



SOLDIERS AT THE BORDER  
Clashes were only minutes away.

■ The now-famous State Department memo that somehow fell into Diefenbaker's hands after the President's 1961 Orléans visit was rumored to have a notation penciled by Kennedy referring to Diefenbaker as an "old Washington insider" who would never have done such a thing.



making group to Hispaniola with a broader mandate to keep peace on the explosive island and pressed Haiti to guarantee the safety of opposition Haitians.

**Under the OAS Banner.** The U.S. plans to "proceed in company with the OAS," said President Kennedy last week, and would consider sanctions on Haiti only if present negotiations failed. A task force, with U.S. Marines aboard, maneuvered in the Gulf of Gonaves within sight of Haiti's dun-colored mountains. Helicopters from the carrier *Boxer* could put them ashore in minutes. Yet the U.S. is anxious to avoid any unilateral intervention that would inevitably revive memories of the 1915-34 U.S. Marine occupation of Haiti. If intervention is required—to protect foreign nationals or to prevent a bloody war—U.S. Marines will go ashore but only. Washington made clear, with OAS approval and under the OAS banner.

## PANAMA

### The Conquistadores

The next Eddie Arcaro will probably speak Spanish better than English. His name will be something like Baeza or Ycaza or Valenzuela, and he will grimace when gringo railbirds make it "Bazza," or "Yacca Zacca," or "Vaytinella." But that will not matter much, because his saddlebags will be stuffed with *Yanqui* dollars and back home in Panama or Mexico he will be as popular as the classiest *matador de toros*. The *Presidents* will invite him to parties, generals will shake his hand, and when he wins the Kentucky Derby, the biggest race of all, his countrymen will drape sweet-smelling flowers around his neck and hoist him to their shoulders and parade him through the streets.

If he had not been too busy riding horses in New York last week, Panama's Braulio Baeza, 23, could have had just such a homecoming. Panamanians were woozy with pride. Aboard Chateaugay Baeza had become the first foreign jockey ever to win the Kentucky Derby. As if that was not enough, the second horse, Never Bend, was ridden by another Panamanian, Manuel Ycaza. In Panama City fans clustered around TV sets to watch reruns of the Derby. One station ran the tape four times in a single day.

**Light & Hungry.** Neither Baeza nor Ycaza is another Arcaro or another Willie Shoemaker—yet. But they are the stars of a band of Latin Americans who are starting to dominate U.S. racing. Hard-pressed to find youngsters who are light enough (maximum: about 114 lbs.) or hungry enough to perform the mean chores (walking "hots," mucking out stalls) expected of budding jockeys, U.S. horsemen more and more are importing riders from south of the border. This season five top U.S. stables—Cain Hoy-Greentree, Bohemia, Fred W. Hooper and Gustave Ring—are employing Latin jockeys. Mexico-bred Milo Valenzuela, 28, is the regular rider for Mrs. Richard du Pont's Kelso, three-time Horse of the Year, and for Hirsch Jacobs' Affectionately, top candidate for Filly of the Year.

Mexican American Heriberto Hinojosa, 26, was the leading jockey (61 wins in 229 tries) at Florida's Tropical Park this winter, won more than \$1,000,000 in purses last year alone. Panama's Manuel Ycaza had the second highest percentage of winners (24½%) in the nation last year and ranked third in purses (with \$1,073,118).

Of all the Latin Americans, Baeza is the best. The son and grandson of jockeys, he grew up around the tack room of Panama City's Juan Franco race track, where President José Antonio ("Chichi") Remón was assassinated in 1955. He learned to ride at six, won his first race at 15. Purses in Panama were small and the horses were cheap. "Most of them looked like goats," Baeza recalls. But he quickly became known as a crafty and patient



JOCKEY BAEZA  
A saddlebag of Yanqui silver.

"sit-still" jockey who liked to hang back behind the pack waiting for his horse to settle into stride, then drive from behind to win. Four years ago, in 112 racing days, Baeza won 109 races in Panama. One happy owner sent him on a paid vacation to Florida. At Hialeah Park he met Florida Builder Fred Hooper, who let Baeza breeze one of his horses through a four-furlong workout. "What was your time?" asked Hooper when it was over. "Forty-nine," said Baeza. Hooper checked his stop watch; it showed 49½ sec. "You've got a job," he said.

**One out of Three.** Few jockeys have ever cracked the big time so abruptly. That first year under contract to Hooper, Baeza rode 170 winners and his horses earned \$64,622. In 1961 he thwarted Carry Back's bid for the Triple Crown by winning the Belmont Stakes on Sherluck, a 65-1 longshot. Last year Baeza rode \$2,048,428 worth of winners—more than

any other jockey except Shoemaker. Last week, fresh from his Derby victory, Baeza rode seven winners in four days at Aqueduct, boosted his winning average for the meeting to an incredible 1 out of 3.

## ARGENTINA

### The Look of Chaos

In the 13 months since President Arturo Frondizi was overthrown, Argentina has had:

- Five Ministers of the Interior,
- Three Ministers of Foreign Affairs,
- Four Defense Ministers,
- Three Economics Ministers,
- Five War Secretaries,
- Four Navy Secretaries,
- Three Air Secretaries,
- Five Treasury Secretaries.

And an economy in a mess. The number of Argentine bankruptcies increased 46½% last year, the cost of living rose 50½%, the peso dropped 67½%, and the gross national product actually slipped 3.0½%. Argentina's wheat crop and meat production—the country's two main exports—finished disappointingly low, and the nation's balance-of-payments deficit soared to \$320 million. Argentina's total gold and foreign exchange reserves have also dropped from \$151 million to \$18½ million—only a shade more than those of Morocco.

The military men who half-run Argentina behind a civilian façade have promised elections to return the country to constitutional rule, but are as hesitant to step aside as they were once eager to step in. Their problem is still the same as when they deposed President Frondizi a year ago: how to keep the 3,000,000 followers of exiled Dictator Juan Perón from taking over the country. When the Peronists were allowed to run last time, they won 15½% of the vote, thus triggering the coup by the Perón-hating military. Now the military cannot agree whether to let Peronists on the ballot, and on what conditions. Some politicians and liberal military men insist that Peronists must be allowed to participate—provided they renounce the exiled Perón and run under strict electoral rules that would prevent them from winning any real power. Others are just as determined to keep them off the ballot altogether. As for the Peronists themselves, they cannot decide whether to accept a minor role or go for broke.

Originally scheduled for June 16, the elections have been postponed twice in the past three months. The new date is July 7, but many Argentines doubt that they will come to pass. Last week a new crisis threatened after General Enrique Rauch, Argentina's new Interior Minister, issued a communiqué attacking four other Cabinet ministries and calling for a raft of new reforms before the July 7 elections. Instead of compromise and cooperation, today's Argentina seems only to invite collisions of extremes. As one Argentine sociologist put it: "There is no community in Argentina. We form a conglomeration. Instead of life, Argentina has rancorous, factious chaos, periodically illuminated by coups d'état."

# THE WORLD

## EUROPE

### Deadlock—or Deathblow?

As 1963 dawned, it promised to be the West's year of destiny. Its great hope was the Common Market, whose historic march toward the economic and political integration of Western Europe seemed as irresistible as it was irreproachable. It appeared almost inevitable that Britain would be admitted to the Common Market and be followed rapidly by its Outer Seven trading partners, forming a new Continental community as rich and populous as the U.S. Then, armed with broad tariff-cutting powers under President Kennedy's Trade Expansion Act, the U.S. was prepared to negotiate with Europe the biggest, boldest liberalization of trade in Western history. From economic partnership, many statesmen believed, would come the political framework of an Atlantic Community.

**Tired of Concessions.** How far this grand design has receded from reality is only now becoming fully apparent. The disintegration started last January, when, as all the world knows, Charles de Gaulle vetoed Britain's admission to the Common Market. But while other members of the Six were varying irritated by De Gaulle's way of saying *non* and disappointed by Britain's exclusion, few at the time could have predicted the depth and duration of distrust that De Gaulle has stirred in Europe. Among the Six, who have been deadlocked on all major issues ever since, there is increasingly widespread apprehension that France's adamantly self-centered policies may have dealt the deathblow to the European Community that was envisaged by its founders.

In Brussels last week, at an angry meeting of Common Market foreign min-



isters, West Germany's Foreign Minister Gerhard Schröder declared flatly that his government is tired of making economic concessions to suit the French, while Germany's dominant interests are imperiled by De Gaulle's foreign policy. West Germany, which relies heavily on foreign trade, is deeply concerned by the Common Market's isolation from the rest of Europe, and for strategic reasons is increasingly uneasy at France's alienation of the U.S. The Six, urged Schröder, must "take a positive attitude" to the "Kennedy round" of tariff negotiations, "even if it means a slowdown in our internal development."

France's Foreign Minister Maurice Couve de Murville, whose government is afraid of U.S. competition in Europe, repeatedly muttered "absurd" as Schröder and other foreign ministers pressed their case. However, Schröder had a potent weapon, France, Europe's lowest-cost agricultural producer, is demanding that the Six adopt a uniform policy on farm prices by July. If this happens, Germany would be forced to find new work for at least a million of its high-cost farmers. Schröder warned that his government would frustrate any attempt to adopt a common agricultural policy unless France in return agrees to seek the broad reciprocal tariff cuts that the other Common Market nations hope to achieve in negotiations with the U.S.

**Sixes & Sevens.** The most explosive issue was a demand by a majority of Common Market nations that the community form a permanent committee to maintain consultation with Britain. After insisting that the Palais des Congrès caucus room be cleared of advisers—including several ambassadors—Couve de Murville said furiously that Britain had been trying to undermine the Common Market ever since De Gaulle's veto. Said he: "France cannot possibly accept this British behavior."

But the shock waves have spread far beyond the Common Market. Britain, which only four months ago had such faith in Europe that it was ready to surrender its ties with the Commonwealth and with the

European Free Trade Association, had to swallow its pride in Lisbon last week and make a desperate effort even to keep EFTA together at its first top-level meeting since February. The reason is that Britain's government has accepted the fact that it will probably not enter Europe during De Gaulle's lifetime—and, if the Common Market should stagnate, may never join.

France's design for a narrow, protectionist, third-force Europe has had its most traumatic effect on Washington, which ever since World War II has taken for granted that the U.S. and Europe have common ideals and interests. Last week, on the eve of a ministerial conference to discuss the scope and approach of the Kennedy round of tariff cuts, it was already plain that France is again determined to seek its own narrow self-interest, without regard for its Common Market partners and with every intention of blocking U.S. hopes of expanding trade with the new Europe. Indeed, as long as the Inner Six are splintered and the Seven remain Outer, there will be no new Europe.

## FRANCE

### An Island Fling

France's former Premier Michel Debré last week rushed from humiliating obscurity back to the very center of French political life. Eased out of office by President Charles de Gaulle in 1962 and replaced by Georges Pompidou, Debré had seemed permanently relegated to the shadows last November when he ran as a candidate for the National Assembly in a supposedly safe constituency and, despite a Gaullist landslide, was soundly beaten by a local garage owner.

But Debré was determined to try again,



Couve de Murville  
Absurd.



Schröder  
"Be positive."



PRISONERS WYNNE (STANDING AT MICROPHONE) & PENKOVSKY (FAR RIGHT, SEATED IN DOCK)  
 "I had no idea how intelligence operated, I now know."

even though he had to travel 6,000 miles to French-owned Réunion Island, a tiny volcanic rock in the Indian Ocean, where a by-election offered another opportunity to run for the Assembly. The dour, fussy Debré took no chances. He flew to the capital city of St-Denis and campaigned vigorously, holding 70 meetings in three steaming, sweaty weeks. As was confidently predicted, Debré swamped his luckless opponent 30,908 to 7,365, partly through the Réunion tactic known as the "promenade," in which opposition voters are sent fruitlessly from polling place to polling place, being told at each that they are not registered there.

De Gaulle now views Debré with a more kindly eye than he did during his premiership a year ago; according to wag-gish Paris comment, Pompidou was like a mistress whom De Gaulle saw with pleasure, but who lost many of his charms when he became *la légitime*, that is, wife. If De Gaulle gives the expected nod, Michel Debré will take over the job of president of the Gaullist U.N.R. faction in the Assembly and employ his undeniable talents in dealing with the ineffective leadership, poor organization and internal friction that have recently plagued the party.

## RUSSIA

### The Great Western Spy Net

Neither of the men who glared at each other across the prisoner's dock in a crowded Moscow courtroom looked very much like a spy. Dapper Greville Maynard Wynne, 44, was a salesman who lived quietly in London's fashionable Chelsea section with his wife and young son when he was not on the road selling electrical machinery in Russia and Eastern Europe. Slender Oleg Penkovsky, 44, was a much-decorated Russian war hero who recently had held the delicate job of arranging East-West scientific exchanges for a Soviet state committee.

But last week the incongruous pair went on trial for espionage before a military panel of three Soviet Supreme Court gen-

erals. While klieg lights glared and some 300 perspiring spectators sat on the edge of their seats for five days, the most bizarre spy circus in postwar Soviet history unfolded before their eyes. If the two men's confessions could be believed, the West had pulled off a spectacular coup in the cold war struggle for intelligence secrets. For 18 straight months, from April 1961 until last October, Penkovsky had funneled to Wynne and other couriers a stream of nearly 5,000 photographs of secret Soviet data on missile developments, troop movements, economic and political inside stuff from the Communist Party Central Committee itself.

**Just a Chauffeur.** It began in November 1960, when Penkovsky got fed up with his Moscow job. Seeking "the easy life," Penkovsky said he sent a letter to the U.S. embassy in Moscow, offering his services to the U.S. According to Penkovsky, officials in Washington ignored the offer, fearing a trap. But Penkovsky was determined to work for the West. His chance came at last when he struck up a conversation with Wynne the following month at a Moscow reception for visiting British technicians.

Wynne was happy to meet the Russian, he said, because Soviet contacts were useful for his machinery business. Thus, when Penkovsky showed up next April in London, supposedly to set up an exchange with British scientists, Wynne went out to the airport to meet him and show him around town. Were you merely a chauffeur? asked the prosecutor. That's it, Wynne replied. Exploded Penkovsky to the court: "This is a child's tale. Believe me, citizen judges, I cannot understand why Wynne tries to minimize his role. I didn't need a chauffeur. I could have taken a taxi."

Truth was, said Penkovsky, he was already relaying film to British intelligence, and now was in touch with the Americans as well. In London he delivered two bulky packages of state secrets to Wynne, tried on British and U.S. colonels' uniforms just in case he decided to defect, even discussed a possible escape from Russia by

submarine if things got hot. He recalled more relaxed moments pub-crawling and nightclubbing.

**Box of Chocolates.** After London, there was Paris. Wynne gaily showed the Russian around Fontainebleau, Versailles, the Lido and the Moulin Rouge—and willingly picked up the tab. Penkovsky handed over 15 more rolls of film and had five sessions with Western intelligence agents.

On occasions when Wynne came to Moscow on a business trip, Penkovsky usually passed his information to him concealed in a box of chocolates, which Wynne allegedly gave to Mrs. Janet Chisholm, wife of a second secretary of the British embassy, for relay to London. When Mrs. Chisholm suspected she was being followed, she suggested that Wynne give the "chocolates" to her children. On his flights out of Moscow, Wynne carried book-size packages of secrets wrapped in plain brown paper. Penkovsky said that when he did not have Wynne around to act as courier, he used his code name, "Young," and dealt directly with U.S. and British embassy employees through an elaborate set of signals.

It all worked fine until last fall when the Soviet police swooped down on Penkovsky, extracting the confession that implicated Wynne. A few days later, Russia's agents located Wynne in Budapest and hustled him back to Moscow.

**Learning from Experience.** Through it all, Wynne doggedly maintained that he was only a businessman who had been snared in the coils of British intelligence.

At first, he said, he had no idea what the brown packages or boxes of chocolates really contained. After it dawned on him that he was a spy, he demanded no part of the "dirty business," but his superiors threatened to wreck his commercial affairs, and so he kept at it. "My answers might seem naive to you professional gentlemen here," he said, to the laughter of the courtroom, "but I had no idea how intelligence operated. I now know."

Even before the prosecutor finished his summation at the end of the trial, the government newspaper *Izvestia* appeared

troum reporting his demand  
ent: a death sentence for Pen-  
ten years in jail for Wynne.  
ay tribunal retired to confer.  
then passed judgment. Penkovsky's mouth  
dropped open in shock when the verdict  
was announced. He would be shot; Wynne  
would do eight years in jail.

## WEST GERMANY

### Feather for Ludwig's Cap

West Germany's next chancellor, Economics Minister Ludwig Erhard, passed his first test for the big job last week. A week-long labor stoppage among 400,000 metalworkers in Baden-Württemberg was threatening to spread to the industrial Ruhr. Already \$100 million had been lost in idle factories. It was up to "Uncle Ludwig" to act—and fast.

He did. Summoning both sides to a wood-paneled conference room of the Economics Ministry, Erhard sat them down face to face, providing two ante-chambers for both groups to use for their own discussions. Then the doors were shut and plentiful supplies of cigars, beer and schnapps were brought in to loosen up the bargainers. Erhard shuttled from room to room, chiding, encouraging, cajoling each group as the struggle continued to find a common ground. Then in the early morning hours he came up with a solution that just about split the difference between union demands and management's offer. It was the propitious moment, for each side now was groggy with fatigue—or beer—and before long



LUDWIG ERHARD  
Beer and cigars helped.

each side accepted the compromise—a 7½% wage hike spread over 18 months (current average hourly wage, about 77¢).

The feather was in Ludwig's cap, and he knew it. "It was a restless night," he beamed to cheering Christian Democratic Union deputies next day. "You know that I put all my prestige on the scale." The C.D.U. lost no time putting their hero's new prestige to use. Worried over a string of C.D.U. defeats in state elections, the party hustled Erhard off to start work in the campaign for next week's election in Lower Saxony.



MEIXNER & FIANCEE

## BERLIN

### Two Inches to Safety

Since the hated Wall went up in 1961, escapees have ingeniously gotten past it by tunneling, climbing, jumping, or by just knocking it down. Last week a young Austrian outdid them all, smuggling out his pretty fiancée and her mother through the simple expedient of keeping his head down.

Heinz Meixner, 30, had moved to West Berlin two years ago to take a job as a lathe worker. As a foreigner, he was able to cross the line freely into East Berlin where, at a students' dance last September, he fell in love with tiny, attractive Margarete Thureau. When Margarete applied for permission to emigrate to Austria, Communist police told her that she should marry her young man in East Berlin and settle down there. "As soon as I heard that," says Meixner, "I made up my mind to get her out."

Last Exit. He laid his plans with meticulous care. To get a good look at the Communist side of the Friedrichstrasse crossing point for foreigners, Meixner stalled his motor scooter near the peppermint-striped steel beam that closes the last exit in the Wall. Pretending to have engine trouble, he measured the height of the barrier, found that it was only 17½ in. from the ground.

His next step was to search the car rental agencies in West Berlin for a sports car small enough to slip under the beam. He finally decided on an Austin Healey Sprite, which, without its windshield measured 35½ in. high. Meixner confided in another young Austrian, gave him an exact timetable of his plans and asked him to prevent any cars on the Western side from starting into the barrier area at the critical moment.

At last, when his plans were complete, Meixner drove his little sports car back into East Berlin to Margarete's house. Margarete crouched in the narrow space behind the driver's seat; her mother was wedged into the luggage compartment. "Luckily," says petite Margarete, "Mother is just like me." Leaving nothing to chance, Meixner also let air out of his tires to lower the car. Shortly after midnight, Meixner drove to the entrance of the frontier area, showed his Austrian passport to a guard, who waved him on to the customs officer.



ESCAPE CAR (WINDSHIELD REPLACED)  
Three seconds were just enough.

Bricks for Mamma. It was the time for action. Instead of pulling up at the customs shed, Meixner gunned his motor, skidded around the slalom barriers, and shot past the startled guard. Looming before him was that last bar. For one terrifying moment, it seemed too low to clear. But he had measured well. Jamming his foot on the accelerator, Meixner ducked his head and whizzed into West Berlin. By the time he got there, he was going so fast that he left a 66-ft. skid mark when he jammed on the brakes. Safe with his passengers, Meixner explained his escape plan to startled West Berlin police: "I figured it would take the Vopos three seconds to draw their weapons once they realized what I was doing. But I thought I could make it in those three seconds. Besides, we had so bricks behind Mrs. Thureau to protect her if firing started."

## GREAT BRITAIN

### Yer Pays Yer Money, Yer Tykes Yer Choice

Psephology, as guessing elections is called in Britain, is about as inexact an art as playing the football pools. Faced with a general election this year or next, the experts last week studied a rich crop of auguries with unusual diligence and the usual results: they disagreed.

Certainly, there was little to encourage Prime Minister Harold Macmillan's Conservatives in the outcome of 401 local borough elections. With 2,973 seats at stake, the Tories lost a total of 550; the Labor Party gained 544, winning control of local governments in such major cities as Leicester, Liverpool, Bradford, Bristol and Nottingham. Labor officials claimed that if a general election were held tomorrow, they would return to power with a margin of 90 to 110 seats.

Also last week, however, three separate opinion polls indicated that Labor's lead has shortened dramatically in the past month. A Daily Mail survey estimated that Tory support has increased a startling 7½% since April. The Daily Telegraph Gallup poll reported a 2.5% gain for the Conservatives, whose support is now estimated at 36.5%, to Labor's 46.5%.

The clues were not quite as contradictory as they seemed. Council elections in Britain generally mirror local economic conditions. While Tory candidates were hurt by high unemployment levels in many big cities, they also took a beating



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Top left, **7 Crown Stinger**: 1 part white Creme de Menthe, shake w/ cracked ice, strain. Top right, **Pineapple-Grassfruit Juice Cocktail**: 1 part Pineapple Juice, 1 part Grassfruit Juice, 1 part 7 Crown Vodka, shake w/ cracked ice, strain. Bottom left, **7 Crown Collins**: Juic one lemon, top, sugar, stir, add ice and 1 1/2 oz. 7 Crown, fill w/ soda. Lower right, **7 Crown Whiskey Sour**: 1 part 7 Crown Vodka, 1 part Lemon Juice, 1 part Simple Syrup, shake w/ cracked ice, strain. Bottom right, **7 Crown & Cola**: 1 1/2 oz. 7 Crown over ice, cola to fill. Lower left, **7 Crown & Seven-Up**: 1 1/2 oz. 7 Crown over ice, 7 Crown & Seven-Up to fill.

7 CROWN COLLINS: Juic one lemon, top, sugar, stir, add ice and 1 1/2 oz. 7 Crown, fill w/ soda. LOWER RIGHT, 7 CROWN WHISKEY SOUR: 1 part 7 Crown Vodka, 1 part Lemon Juice, 1 part Simple Syrup, shake w/ cracked ice, strain. BOTTOM RIGHT, 7 CROWN & COLA: 1 1/2 oz. 7 Crown over ice, cola to fill. LOWER LEFT, 7 CROWN & SEVEN-UP: 1 1/2 oz. 7 Crown over ice, 7 Crown & Seven-Up to fill.

© 1994 SPADAM DISTILLERS COMPANY NEW YORK CITY BLEND WHISKEY 46 PROOF, 65% GRAIN NEUTRAL SPIRITS

in many prosperous suburban communities where householders were still cross with the government for recently increasing their local taxes (from 50% to 300%). National opinion polls, which in the past have proved fairly accurate, apparently reflected Britons' satisfaction with a new head of steam that has begun to appear in the economy. Torn between contradictory portents, psephologists and politicians were about equally divided on whether the general election will be held this fall or next year.

## Remember Mrs. Sweeny?

*You're the top,  
You're Mussolini,  
You're Mrs. Sweeny,  
You're Camembert.*

Back in 1915, when Cole Porter's *Anything Goes* was the hottest ticket in town, Margaret Whigham Sweeny was more Top than Mickey Mouse or a Coolidge dollar. Chic, beautiful and rich in her own right, the 21-year-old English beauty was married to Gentleman Golfer Charles Sweeny, for whom, the gossip columnists insisted, she had jilted the young Earl of Warwick.

That same year Ian Campbell made headlines by taking as his second wife Louise Vannack, daughter of U.S. Sculptor Henry Claws. (His first: Janet Aitken Lord Beaverbrook's daughter.) Though unmentioned in the song, Campbell was even more Top than Mrs. Sweeny. In 1949 he became Duke of Argyll (family motto: "Forget Not") Chief of Clan Campbell, Hereditary Master of the King's Household in Scotland, Admiral of the Western Coasts and Isles, Hereditary Sheriff of Argyll, Keeper of Dunstaffnage, Carrick, Tarbert and Dunoon Castles, and heir to a Burke's dozen earldoms, viscounties, marquises and baronetcies.

**Favored Four.** In 1951, two weeks after a lurid divorce from Louise, the duke married Mrs. Sweeny. Last week in Edinburgh the Toppers too were divorced. Their decree, 65,000 words long, took the judge Lord Wheatley, 4½ hours to read through. It was no Cole Porter lyric.

On the basis of the evidence, declared



BEN BELLA & NASSER IN ALGIERS  
Like a hot potato divide

the judge the duchess, now 49, "was a completely promiscuous woman whose sexual appetite could only be satisfied by a number of men." He named four specific adulterers: John Cohane, 50, a U.S. businessman living in Ireland whom the court described as a "self-confessed wolf" with "the morals of a tomcat"; Harvey Combe 37, onetime press officer at London's Savoy Hotel; Baron Sigismund von Braun 52, brother of Rocket Scientist Wernher who was counselor of West Germany's London embassy until 1958, and is now his government's U.N. observer in New York; and an unidentified partner who had been photographed in the nude with the duchess. The judge did not spare the duke who, he said, admitted that he had shown "pornographic photographs" to "a mixed gathering in New York and seemed to treat it as a joke." Added the judge: "I do not commend his standard of taste and habits."

**Home with Harvey.** Though Argyll had already discovered suspicious letters to his wife and a diary inscribed with "cryptic" signals, he "succumbed to her charms," as the court put it. Thus, the duke, said Judge Wheatley, had "condoned" his wife's adultery with Von Braun by resuming marital relations with her in Paris. The divorce was granted on the grounds of her adultery in 1966 with Harvey Combe at the Argylls' London house in Upper Grosvenor Street.

The Argylls' litigation, which had dragged on for 3½ years, was the longest, most expensive (estimated cost: \$140,000) and most sensational in Scottish history. And it may not be over, since the duchess has said that she plans to appeal the court's verdict. In any case, she still faces charges of libel and conspiracy to sustain a malicious charge of adultery, stemming from her own divorce petition against the duke, which she dropped last May. In that suit, she accused her husband of committing adultery with her stepmother.

## ALGERIA

### A Hex?

Things began going wrong almost from the moment Gamal Abdel Nasser sailed into Algiers harbor to begin his state visit. The day he arrived, an Algerian mine-sweeper that had escorted Nasser's yacht sank with the loss of three crewmen. Then a poll was cast over the celebrations by the death of Algeria's Foreign Minister Mohammed Khemisti, who had been shot by a crazed assassin (see MURKYSTOCKS). On top of all that, a most unusual tornado swept across the country, killing twelve Algerians in one village.

Many a superstitious Algerian peasant was convinced that the Egyptian visitor had brought a hex with him. But there was a more concrete reason for the disappointment Nasser took with him last week when he pulled up anchor and sailed away three days earlier than planned. From host Ahmed Ben Bella, Algeria's young Premier, Nasser had gotten hearty cordiality and words of acclaim, but no real promise to bring Algeria into Nasser's scheme for a United Arab Republic.

**Cordial & Cool.** As the only two socialist rulers in the Arab world, they had much in common. And Ben Bella was duly grateful to Nasser for his aid in the long struggle against France. But at the conference table, Nasser found Ben Bella to be no fawning disciple. Cool, tough and independent the Algerians appeared more interested in their own revolution than in more grandiose schemes.

Ten months after independence Algeria's 40-year-old bachelor Premier is busy consolidating personalized control over his restive land. Last month he eliminated his most dangerous rival, Old Revolutionary Comrade Mohammed Khider, by forcing him out as secretary-general of Algeria's ruling National Liberation Front. Ben Bella took over the party post himself.

Also, Ben Bella is implanting his own brand of "Arab socialism." He has na-



THE DUKE  
Like Camembert.



THE DUCHESS

tionalized one-third of Algeria's farm land, most of it French-owned, and handed it to "management committees" of turbaned peasants. His regime has seized scores of cinemas, hotels and restaurants from Algerians who, in Ben Bella's words, "fattened themselves like pashas" by buying up property from fleeing Frenchmen.

**Unspoken Alliance.** But Ben Bella's brand of socialism has distinct limits. Algeria's chief alliance is a strange, unspoken one, not with the Communists or with any Arab land. It is with France. Algeria's onetime overlord. As if to make clear its continued endorsement of Ben Bella, France recently agreed to speed up payment of its subsidies to Algeria, budgeted for \$210 million this year, which comprise Ben Bella's chief economic support. In return, Algeria promises to use one-fifth of the total to compensate expropriated French landlords.

## SYRIA

### To Unity by Disunion

In Cairo last week, Egypt's No. 2 man, Field Marshal Abdel Hakim Amer, stormed at a Syrian delegation: "Is Nasserism a crime in Syria now? If it is, how can we face the future together? If there are in Damascus people who consider Nasserism a crime, then how do you expect me to cooperate with them?"

What set off Amer's flood of rhetorical questions was the threat posed to Nasser's dream of Arab unity by the gyrations of Syria's Baath Party leaders, headed by tall, lugubrious Premier Salah Bitar. The Baath leadership wants Arab unity as much as does Nasser, but it has refused to let the party be drowned in an all-encompassing Nasserite national front.

The conflict became acute last month when the regime began purging the Syrian army of pro-Nasser officers and noncoms. In retaliation, six Nasserite Cabinet Ministers resigned. While students staged sit-ins in the schools, pro-Nasser mobs poured into the streets of Damascus and Aleppo, where scores of demonstrators were killed or wounded battling soldiers and police. As the violence in the streets grew worse, the Baath leaders faced the prospect of destroying Arab unity and lowering the prestige of their party. Last week harassed, mournful Premier Bitar finally gave in and resigned to be replaced by a compromise candidate, Dr. Sami Jundi, 40, a dentist from Hama who was previously Minister of Guidance and Culture.

There was some possibility that the new Premier might be acceptable to both sides: to the Baathists because Jundi was once a party member and had stood by the government; to the Nasserites because he has been a longtime admirer of Egypt's strongman and believes in unity at all costs. At week's end, the regime in neighboring Iraq was also giving ground to the Nasserites. The entire Baath-dominated Cabinet resigned, but lean, balding Premier Hassan Bakr was commissioned to form a new government, presumably one with greater pro-Nasser representation, which might forestall street demonstrations.

## SOUTH VIET NAM

### The Pinprick War

Lumbering low over Stone Age villages and thick jungles, troop-carrying helicopters swarmed across the wild central highlands of Viet Nam last week. On the ground, 10,000 South Vietnamese infantrymen and marines spread out over a vast, inhospitable sector south of Tamky where no government troops had set foot since 1958. In one of the biggest drives against the Communist Viet Cong since the guerrilla war broke out in 1959, South Viet Nam's government hoped to flush six Red battalions and a headquarters company from its longtime stronghold in the mountains.

Main object of the month-long operation was to destroy Viet Cong food caches



MADAME NHU' AT STRATEGIC HAMLET  
Not all of the natives were friendly.

and cut the Reds' main supply line, the 400-mile Ho Chi Minh trail to North Viet Nam through neutral Laos. The Reds had plainly evacuated the area in advance, but Vietnamese officials explained that they did not aim to kill Viet Cong guerrillas, only to isolate them. If successful, said one, the sweep "will solve 50% of our military problems in the central highlands." Not so, retorted some of the U.S. officers who were taking part. "It would take a whole U.S. Army division to block that trail," said one.

The clash of opinion extends to virtually every aspect of the frustrating, wearisome war in South Viet Nam—and reflects its shadowy, hide-and-seek nature. It is a war with no front lines and no decisive battles; a war of containment, not of conquest; a war of Lilliputian pinpricks and Brobdingnagian stakes. It is a day war and a night war, in which the government controls most highways and waterways by daylight (though a U.S. lieutenant and two Vietnamese soldiers were killed in a daylight roadside ambush

last week), and the Viet Cong slip in from jungles and swamps to take charge after dark. In the rugged north, it is a mountain war, in which the Reds are short of food, medicine, weapons, and largely on the defensive; in the south, it is a battle for the nation's rice granary, where the guerrillas have cunningly foiled every government attempt to clean them out.

**Turning the Corner.** How is the war actually going? Measured against the desperate situation that faced General Maxwell Taylor on a fact-finding mission for the President 10 months ago, there is room for qualified optimism. When Secretary of Defense Robert McNamara returned from a conference with service chiefs in Pearl Harbor last week, the Pentagon said "the corner has definitely been turned toward victory." No one was setting any timetable, but U.S. military chiefs and South Viet Nam's President Ngo Dinh Diem say that the war should be won "within three years."

There are many soldiers in South Viet Nam who consider this wildly optimistic; some believe that the war may never be won. But almost everyone agrees that things have improved. Today there is little danger that the Viet Cong will take over any of South Viet Nam's cities. Captured Red documents indicate that they have given up hope of a swift conquest, now aim merely, as the guerrillas' North Vietnamese Boss Ho Chi Minh said recently, "to wait out the Americans."

The South Vietnamese government and its 14,000 U.S. military "advisers" pin their hopes on an integrated, long-term plan that aims at isolating and driving out the Viet Cong. Basic element of the government's battle plan is to resettle almost the entire rural population in some 12,000 "strategic hamlets," with bamboo fences, barbed wire and armed militiamen to keep the predatory Viet Cong from exacting food and manpower from a helpless peasantry. Already 8,000,000 villagers—59% of South Viet Nam's population—are living in the 6,000 hamlets that have so far been completed.

**Problem with Peasants.** Though the government admits that fewer than one-third of the hamlets are defensible against a determined onslaught, the Reds are reluctant to attack the villages for fear of antagonizing the people. In some areas, thanks to higher standards of living in the hamlets, peasants are for the first time informing government troops of the movements of the Viet Cong. "If these people believe we can protect them with the hamlets," says one U.S. adviser, "our problem may be licked."

However, most South Vietnamese peasants are still either passive or actively resentful of the Diem regime, which is often personified by oppressive, corrupt local administrators. For all his high hopes for the program, aloof, autocratic President Diem seldom stirs far from his yellow palace in Saigon to visit the hinterland and generate enthusiasm for his cause.

**Sneaky Pests.** The area of the government's greatest frustration is the Mekong River Delta, where 55% of South Viet

Nam's population is centered and 75% of its rice is grown. The peasants there have resisted the hamlet program—and have often been forcibly resettled in fortified villages—because they resent having to walk miles to their paddies. In a successful attack on two hamlets last month, some 2,000 villagers seem vanished. The Reds are particularly hard to flush out of the delta because they often are impossible to distinguish from peaceful peasants.

On the other hand, U.S. Special Service troops—"Sneaky Petes"—have made dramatic progress in the north by winning over and training the dark-skinned, aboriginal *montagnards*. Though they have for centuries been victimized by the lowland Vietnamese, who contemptuously call them *Moi* (savages), 150,000 *montagnards* now belong to an aggressive, native force.

**Help for Bananas.** Militarily, the decisive factor in the war to date has been the introduction of some 170 U.S.-piloted helicopter transports, which give the government's troops the advantages of surprise and mobility that had hitherto been the guerrillas' monopoly. The antiquated "hanana" copters have become increasingly vulnerable as the Viet Cong learn how to use new rapid-fire weapons; in one sortie near the delta village of Aphac last January, they downed five of 14 helicopters, including one of the 24 fast, rocket-firing HU-1B ("Huey") helicopters that now escort most missions. Last week a second company of 24 Hueys arrived at a new base near Vinh Long. "Operations were down in the hundreds a year ago," says General Paul Harkins, commander of U.S. forces in South Viet Nam. "Now they're in the thousands."

But normal battlefield statistics are largely meaningless. The Viet Cong's casualty rate is rising, but the Reds have actually increased their hard-core strength (to an estimated 25,000) by recruiting more peasants. And though the Reds are losing many weapons, those that they are capturing are modern mortars and machine guns, while those that they lose to government forces are generally crude devices and obsolete rifles.

**Vain Ploys.** As the government troops become more efficient, the wily Viet Cong are also learning new techniques. One of the Viet Cong's latest tactics has been to mount a series of feinting attacks on a target, then to withdraw, luring government reserve forces into a well-laid ambush. As a result, badly needed reinforcements often hang back for fear of walking into a trap.

Such a war is a new and frustrating experience for U.S. military advisers. Mindful of the fact that 73 Americans have lost their lives in the fighting so far, their most bitter complaint is that military operations are constantly hobbled by political considerations. The big command decisions have to be cleared with President Diem, who still leans heavily on such members of his family as Brother Ngo Dinh Nhu, and the beautiful Madame Nhu, for advice and support in the struggle against the Communists. Diem is mistrustful of many of his best soldiers and

fears also that continued heavy casualties will undermine what public support he enjoys.

U.S. officers have pleaded in vain with Diem to allow more small-unit sallies and night operations to challenge the Viet Cong's after-dark supremacy. In their impatience with Diem, some exasperated U.S. officials wish that he could be replaced by a more flexible man. But they admit that there is no other leader in sight. The regime tends to exaggerate its successes and minimize its failures, insists that its airborne attacks have finally "disheartened" the Reds and "caught them off balance." Many combat-seasoned U.S. advisers think that this is hardly enough. "Hell," says one, "if all we did was to keep them off balance on Guadalcanal, we'd still be there."

**The Coaching War.** Strategically and politically, of course, the war for Viet Nam has little in common with the Battle

## SARAWAK

### The Rajah's Return

The Brookes of Sarawak have stepped from the pages of a Conrad novel. The first and last English family to occupy an Oriental throne, they fought pirates and hostile sultans, pacified head-hunters and brought the white man's law to their cruel, vibrantly beautiful land in north-west Borneo. The Brooke rajahs ruled their Kentucky-size kingdom with the stern dignity of a Victorian paterfamilias, but with humanity and imagination as well; in the annals of colonialism, few dynasties have been so selflessly devoted to their subject's welfare.

The first Brooke rajah was James, a wealthy, high-minded adventurer who sailed out from England to "rid the Malay Archipelago of barbarism." In Sarawak he found his opportunity. For the Sultan of Brunei, he subdued a stubborn civil war



VIETNAMESE SELF-DEFENSE CORPSMEN  
Not all of the advisers were happy.

of Guadalcanal. The U.S. is not running the war, but is trying to help a sensitive young nation to win for itself. It is a guerrilla war in which, as President Diem says, "psychological aspects" may prove more important than killing the enemy—even though, in the U.S. view, his regime has done far too little, too late, to win the support of the rural populace. After prolonged pressure, the government agreed only last week to assume the \$17 million annual cost of the hamlet program—the U.S. in addition has been spending \$400 million a year in South Viet Nam—and even this reluctant decision by Diem was largely influenced by fear that the villagers were showing greater loyalty to U.S. administrators than to the regime.

Distressing as they may be, the differences of opinion between the government and its U.S. advisers are unlikely to abate. In fact, if the war turns more clearly in South Viet Nam's favor, the regime will probably become more impatient of U.S. advice. For the Vietnamese, it is, after all, a war for independence.

between the Malays and Dyaks. In gratitude for his services (plus \$2,000 of Brooke's cash), the oppressive Sultan in 1841 made him Rajah of Sarawak. Indifferent to crocodiles, box constrictors and poisoned arrows, the White Rajah lived only for his handsome, amiable people. In 1848 he was knighted by Her Britannic Majesty, and in 1864 Britain recognized his raj. He died a bachelor in 1868 and was succeeded by his nephew Charles, who ruled for 50 years.

**Rane Pan.** The rajah who brought Sarawak into the modern world was Charles Brooke's son, who took over in 1917. In the more humdrum world of the 20th century, witty, Cambridge-educated Sir Charles Vyner Brooke became even more of a legend than his predecessors. He issued his own stamps, flew his own flag, maintained his own army and police force. His rane was Sylvia Brett, the beautiful daughter of a viscount who, it was said, had been Sir James Barrie's inspiration for Peter Pan.

Another literary admirer was George



BROOKE III & RANEÉ  
No to barbarism.

Bernard Shaw. When Sylvia<sup>9</sup> married the rajah in 1911, he wrote

*Ride a cock horse to Sarawak Cross  
To see a young raneé consumed with remorse.*

*She'll have bells on her fingers,  
And rings through her nose,  
And won't be permitted to wear any clothes.*

The Brookes had three pretty daughters, who grew up in England and were known to every tabloid reader as Princess Gold, Princess Baba and Princess Pearl. At a glittering society wedding in 1933, Gold became Lady Inchcape, but Baba and Pearl were toasted in every pub when they were married: Baba to a wrestler, Pearl to a headleader.

**Stockpiling Heads.** Their father had little time for frivolity. A shrewd, self-effacing administrator, Sir Charles traveled to the far corners of his land persuading tribal chiefs to end their wars and forswear head-hunting. When they protested that their enemies' heads were needed to propitiate the gods, the rajah ordered his English civil servants to stockpile mummified leftovers from previous wars and to lend them out to the villagers as needed. From his handsome riverside fortress in Kuching, he brought modest prosperity to the kingdom by exploiting its oil and rubber resources as well as diamonds, birds' nests (for Chinese gourmets) and gutta-percha (for golf balls).

In 1941, celebrating the 100th anniversary of the Brooke raj, Sir Charles gave his people a constitution and set them on the road to self-government. Contemplating war-ravaged Sarawak in 1946, Sir Charles sadly realized that his raj had become an anachronism in the postwar world. Ceding Sarawak to Britain, he explained that his people would find

"new hope in an era of widening enlightenment, stability and social progress."

**Another Chance.** When Sir Charles retired to London, with a \$2.8 million trust fund that will ultimately revert to Sarawak, the natives fought bitterly against British rule, even killed the second governor, who occupied the Brookes' old palace. The country has never recovered from the loss of its leader. When the Malaysian Federation (TIME Cover, April 12) comes into existence in August, strife-torn Sarawak will be one of its states and will have its best opportunity yet to achieve prosperity and stability.

The last white rajah did not live to see that day. Last week, at 88, Sir Charles Vyner Brooke died in his London home. When the news reached Sarawak, the spirit-worshipping Dyaks rejoiced, for they knew that his soul would return to the stream-laced land of his fathers.

## SENEGAL

### Briefly Sympathetic

One might say that things were rigged in advance when ex-Premier Mamadou Dia went on trial last week for attempting to seize power in December. After all, six of the seven "judges" were members of the National Assembly that Dia had tried to dissolve by force during the abortive coup. They just might be a little prejudiced.

But when the proceedings began, the court was careful to observe all the flowery decorum of Gallic justice. The presiding judge was dressed in ermine-trimmed long red robes, and sat listening with calm dignity. Moreover, Dia was not even charged with "plotting," only with the more vague "acting against the internal security of the state."

Taking the floor in his defense, Dia argued that he was not guilty. When he sent gendarmes to overthrow President Léopold Senghor and arrest pro-Senghor deputies, Dia said, he was only trying to head off a plot against himself that stemmed from his efforts to crack Senegal's peanut monopolists. Cried Dia: "I wanted a constitutional solution, they [Senghor's men] wanted a political one." In reply, the prosecutor sounded downright sympathetic. There were extenuating circumstances, he agreed: Dia was obviously a misguided patriot who "thought that one could be a good Senegalese when one was against Mamadou Dia."

But at week's end the court gavelled an end to courtliness. After two hours and 15 minutes of deliberation, the justices sentenced Dia to the maximum penalty, life imprisonment.

## SOUTHERN RHODESIA

### Breaking the Rules

She was picking corn. He was watching. "It was not love at first sight," recalls Stuart Fuller-Sandys, 50, of his first glimpse of Margaret Dube, 22. "Love came later like a deluge." There was only one serious complication: she was black, and he was white.

On the front pages of every Southern

Rhodesia paper last week was the fairy-tale romance of the rich, widowed white rancher to the penniless darky daughter of one of his squatter tenants.

It began in 1961, and had *Pygmalion* overtones. In his iron-roofed big house, Fuller-Sandys, like Henry Higgins, daily gave Margaret lessons in the social graces of the region. Margaret learned to speak and read, slowly mastered the assembly of cutlery for a four-course dinner. For hours, teacher and pupil pored over arithmetic primers, encyclopedias and fashion magazines. One evening Fuller-Sandys gazed at her in a special way; she said yes—and in English. Promptly Fuller-Sandys called on her grnarled father, an aged and respected laborer on the place. Naturally, Fuller-Sandys handed over a bride price (\$100); then Fuller-Sandys slipped a diamond engagement ring on Margaret's finger.

It was a brave step in white-ruled Southern Rhodesia. Immediately the government fired Fuller-Sandys as an adviser in the Native Affairs Department, curtly explaining: "You cannot administer Africans and sleep with them." Of 48 white friends Fuller-Sandys invited to the wedding last week, 34 sent their regrets. The beaming bride, carrying a bouquet of white dahlias and wearing a white satin gown, had three African bridesmaids for the ceremony on Fuller-Sandys' veranda, performed by the Rev. Richard Hughes, rector of an Anglican church at Que Que 64 miles away.

That night, under a full moon, the wedded couple attended an African celebration in their honor. There was much leap-dancing and yelling around a campfire. During the evening Fuller-Sandys had a chance to open a letter delivered to him earlier in the day. Bearing neither return address nor signature, it said, "You bloody white Kaffir, what a disgrace to the country you are . . . Your beloved black bastard isn't even good looking." He read the note, then handed it to his bride. After a moment, she replied quietly: "It doesn't matter, dear."



FULLER-SANDYS & BRIDE  
Yes in English.

<sup>9</sup> Not to be confused, however, with Hemingway's fictional Lady Brett Ashley or the real-life Sylvia Ashley.





BUICK MOTOR DIVISION

## SHOULD YOU HAVE A PILOT'S LICENSE BEFORE YOU BUY A RIVIERA?

We don't know who's been spreading this kind of happy talk about the Buick Riviera, but frankly (and we hate to admit this!) the rumor is wrong. First, no plane ever handled as simply as does the Riviera. Second, you may get an airborne thrill out of driving the Riviera but, actually, it hugs the road more firmly than any car you're likely to own. Here's why:

The Riviera has an unusually low center of gravity and individually tuned front and rear suspension systems. This makes the Riviera track arrow straight, corner quick as a cat on curves. And, if this kind of ride isn't enough to make you forego forever all ordinary means of earthbound transportation, just read on...

The Riviera 90 degree V-8 high performance engine develops 325 HP and 145 ft.-lbs. of torque at 2800 RPM. It has 10.25:1 compression ratio, a 4-barrel car-

buretor and dual exhausts. A 3.12 to 1 rear axle ratio lets you step out in pretty lively style, too.

Then, to let you drive with minimum effort, the Riviera provides automatic Turbine Drive transmission, power steering and power brakes—all standard. Also standard—four individual bucket seats, luxurious carpeting, a floor console for the Turbine Drive stick shift, and an instrument cluster that's exciting just to look at. Plus, styling which has been the talk and envy of the industry since the Riviera's debut last fall.

So, reluctantly, we must scotch this "pilot's license" rumor. But if you want to see why it got started, go to your Buick dealer's and drive a Riviera. (Incidentally, he can deliver one without delay.)

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## PEOPLE

Rumors of failing health follow where ever he goes, but **Pope John XXIII**, 81, appears to be going everywhere possible. At the start of a busy weekend, he attended twin ceremonies in the Vatican Palace and St. Peter's Basilica, accepting his \$160,000 Peace Prize ( earmarked for charity ) from the Swiss-Italian Balzan Foundation, next day turned up in the Quirinal Palace, where Italian President Antonio Segni presented Balzan awards to other cultural leaders. As he rode through Rome in an open car, the Pontiff—looking thinner than usual—was hailed by crowds-crying "Tito! Tito!"

In a special ceremony, the town of Columbus, N. Mex., bestowed honorary citizenship on **Mrs. Pancho Villa**, 72, now known as **Luz Corral** and widely acknowledged as the first wife of the oft-married Mexican revolutionary. After a raid by Villa in 1916, Columbus counted 16 dead. But now, said New Mexico's Governor Jack Campbell, "the bitterness of long ago can be forgotten." Tearfully, Mrs. Villa accepted a scroll, responding in turn with gifts to the Pancho Villa Museum of Columbus, her husband's field telephone and a \$1,000,000 bundle of currency issued at his command. Remaining at her 62-room mansion in Chihuahua City was the bullet-riddled 1920 Dodge in which Villa met his death by assassination in 1923.

I wish they would forget about my birthdays; they only make me a year older," said former President **Harry S. Truman**, turning 79. But a luncheon in Kansas City brought out more than 200 friends, and the grand old man from Independence beamed broadly as the crowd sang *Happy Birthday*. Highlighting the festivities, President Kennedy phoned to say: "You can outwalk Bobby and out-talk Hubert." It was almost true. Under doctor's orders to cut down his matutinal strolls, Harry still puts in a solid week's work at the Truman Library, attends to

piles of correspondence, soon plans to appear in 26 half-hour TV shows delineating his White House years.

Do you plan aircraft ascensions in the future? Yes. Will you travel outside the continental United States and Canada? Definitely. Thus completing their application forms, the original seven U.S. spacemen took out \$100,000 policies with the Aetna Life Insurance Co. of Hartford. Low-bidding Aetna was reluctant to disclose the cost per man, but indicated that it was somewhat more than a 35-year-old military jet pilot would pay (an annual \$4,810 standard premium with a \$275 surcharge for extra hazard), but still less than steeplejacks. Since the standard premium varies with age, Senior Astronaut John H. Glenn Jr., 41, gets the highest



GRANDMOTHER  
Hunt up in Hartford

was doing the family portraits, James McNeill Whistler never got around to his maternal grandmum, Mrs. Martha Kingsley McNeill. She was painted, nonetheless, by a pair of itinerant artists from Connecticut, and the 19½-in. by 24-in. oil that Grandma never liked—all those frills—now contemplates posterity at the Wadsworth Athenaeum in Hartford.

Ill Lay: **John Gunther**, 61, ubiquitous author of *Inside* books, with phlebitis, at Harkness Pavilion, Manhattan; **Momie Eisenhower**, 66, after removal of a benign tumor (lipoma) from her neck, in Walter Reed General Hospital, Washington, D.C.; Baritone **Nelson Eddy**, 61, hospitalized by pulmonary congestion with viral infection, in Framingham, Mass.

Some big names will be merged next Aug. 21 when Bride-to-be **Stephanie Wanger**, 19, daughter of Actress Joan Bennett and Film Producer Walter Wanger, says "I do" to blueblooded **Fredrick Guest**, 25, son of wealthy Socialite Winston Guest. "He is a darling boy," declares Joan. Freddie just describes himself as "self-employed in venture capital." His venturesome formula for bliss with Stephanie includes "an apartment in town and a gatehouse in the country."

We are going on sea trials in the normal way," said Vice Admiral **Hyman G. Rickover**, 63. Then the so-called father of the atomic submarine boarded the *Andrew Jackson*, first nuclear-powered sub to be tested since the *Thresher* disaster and disappeared into the briny off Mare Island, Calif. A Polaris-type ship, the *Andrew Jackson* went to depths "in excess of 300 feet," carrying with her a psychological burden crucial to the entire U.S. nuclear submarine program. When she returned safely to port some 36 hours later Rickover issued a terse verdict: "successfully completed initial trials." But Rear Admiral Edward J. Faby, Mare Island commander, was less restrained: "This is a damned good ship. One of the best we have, if not the best."



COOPER  
All set to go.

bill. The lowest? To **Major L. Gordon Cooper**, 36, pounding along the beach at Cape Canaveral as a warm-up for his scheduled 22-orbit mission this week which could be the biggest TV spectacular in many a moon (see SCIENCE).

Chock-full of tips for hungry readers, table-hopping Columnist **Leonard Lyons**, 46, wrote: "United Artists is importing 1,000 French tarts to serve with coffee at the premiere of *Irma la Douce*." Before the line formed on the right, a U.A. spokesman, tongue-in-cheeked: "That's just a little tart story, or vice versa."

Whistler's Mother occupies a place of honor in the Louvre, and Whistler's Mother-in-Law, Mrs. John Birnie Philip is at the Boston Museum of Fine Arts. But what ever happened to **Whistler's Grandmother**? Sleuths found the answer just in time for Mother's Day. When he



TRUMAN  
Howard in memory.

## AVIATION

## The Man from Mars

The old professor was a stocky little man who wore wild eyebrows, bushy hair, a hearing aid and a German-Hungarian accent like a certified eccentric. Nothing about him seemed remotely in tune with military men or the military mind. But through much of his long life, professional soldiers of many nations courted him, coaxed him, hung on his every word. For the intelligence of Professor Theodore von Karman was devoted to unlocking the powerful secrets of air and space.

Born in Budapest in 1881, when air was hardly more than something to breathe, Von Karman was the son of a famous Jewish professor of philosophy. At six, he could multiply five-digit numbers in his head, and his father shunted him away from precocious mathematics for fear that he might develop into an infant prodigy. But even by then it was too late; the youngster was already hooked on science.

He graduated from the Royal Technical University at Budapest and was an assistant professor there when Orville Wright and his frail, kite-like airplane made the first 120-ft. flight in 1903. Von Karman promptly turned his attention to aerodynamics. Only eight years later, he worked out a basic aerodynamic principle to explain why eddies whirl in the air behind a moving object.

By 1912, Von Karman became director of the Aeronautical Institute of the University of Aachen, where men who were the leading airplane designers on both sides of World War I got their technical training. During that war, Von Karman served as lieutenant in the Austro-Hungarian Aviation Corps, then returned to his institute and made it the unchallenged world center of aerodynamic science. But trouble was abroad in Germany, and Von Karman seems to have sensed it sooner than most. In 1930, when economic depression was helping the Nazis' grab for power, he left Aachen to become director of the Guggenheim Aeronautical Laboratory at California Institute of Technology.

**Flood of Discovery.** Seldom has a nation welcomed a more valuable immigrant. From Von Karman and his laboratory came a flood of aerodynamic discovery. Wind tunnels, helicopters, propellers, wing shapes—there was hardly anything in the field he did not study and improve. During World War II, his lab produced the first practical U.S. rockets and fathered Caltech's great Jet Propulsion Laboratory. After the war, Von Karman turned to the baffling problems of supersonic flight. By then, he was past the age at which most scientists stop having fresh ideas, but he became a challenging prophet. He not only urged U.S. airmen to think in terms of speeds up to 2,000 m.p.h., but he also taught them how to start toward that fantastic goal. And all the while he was looking toward space, which called for still newer theories not yet dreamed of.

Lost in the infinite variety of his sci-

northeast, it came within range of Europe, and solemn pictures of two telephone company officials went up from Andover and down to stations in England and France. During later orbits color TV programs made the Atlantic hop. Except when the satellite was at the limit of its useful range, the pictures were excellent. Scientists reported that everything on board the satellite was working perfectly. The internal temperature, which had climbed to 85° under the Florida sun, cooled down in space to a comfortable 78°.

Telstar II is basically much the same as Telstar I. Its chief modifications are intended to avoid damage by the high-speed electrons of the Van Allen radiation belts, which silenced its predecessor after seven months of service. The new satellite's higher orbit, rising to 6,713 instead of 3,531 miles, makes it spend more time in the "slot" between the upper and lower belts, where the radiation is comparatively mild.

Bell Lab scientists are careful not to predict how long Telstar II will operate without distress, but they are admittedly optimistic. Its curving course carries the satellite just high enough to bring it within range simultaneously of Andover and a station now under construction near Tokyo. If it holds out until the summer of 1964, it will be able to bounce the Olympic Games by color TV from Japan directly to the U.S. Long before that it may relay to Europe from the U.S. the facial expressions of Astronaut Gordon Cooper orbiting the earth, and the glorious view of the oceans and continents from his Mercury capsule.

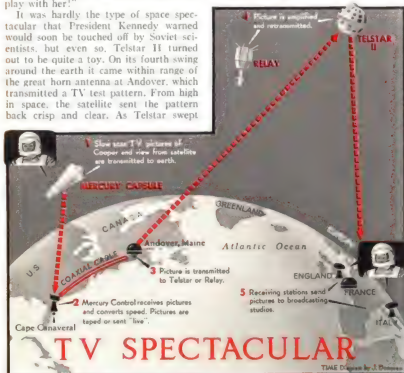
THOR-DELTA LAUNCH  
She's all yours.

## SPACE

## Radiation-Proof Telstar

The launch seemed so routine that only a few bird watchers turned out at the Cape Canaveral pad. And as the Thor-Delta rocket rose above the southern morning, the Bell Telephone Laboratories scientists who had built its cargo followed its course with rising confidence. Satisfied at last that their latest communication satellite, Telstar II, was in proper orbit, they put through a telephone call to their space communication station at Andover, Maine. "She's all yours. Go play with her!"

It was hardly the type of space spectacular that President Kennedy warned would soon be touched off by Soviet scientists, but even so, Telstar II turned out to be quite a toy. On its fourth swing around the earth it came within range of the great horn antenna at Andover, which transmitted a TV test pattern. From high in space, the satellite sent the pattern back crisp and clear. As Telstar swept





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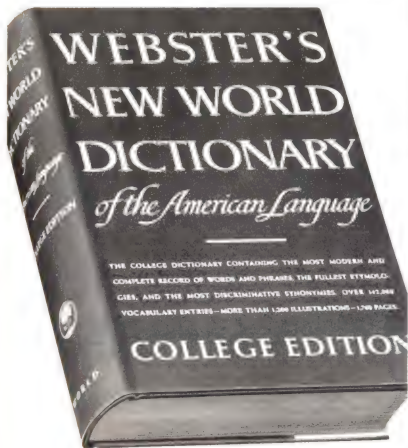
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VON KARMAN  
Conditioned for human life.

tific accomplishments. Von Karman became the archetype of the absent-minded professor. Everywhere he went, he left a trail of mislaid hats, coats, secret documents. Once he carelessly spoke German for 20 minutes to an English-speaking audience. When he crossed a street, he never looked right or left, trusting to the traffic to stop with screeching brakes. He drove his crumple-fendered cars with the same careless abandon, but managed somehow to survive. He was intensely curious, poking into everything like a wide-eyed child. "When he comes to my house," said a colleague, "he reads all my books on all subjects, and he even picks up my private mail and reads that too."

**Like a Love Affair.** His wit was as well known as his eccentricity. Once when talking to a pretty girl pilot he explained a tail spin as "something like a love affair; you don't notice how you get into it, and it is very hard to get out of." He liked to quote the definition of a Hungarian as "a man who goes into a revolving door behind you and comes out ahead." When asked why so many top scientists are Hungarian, he explained: "We are all from Mars originally. We decided to infiltrate the U.S. and were sent to Hungary—where some queer people live anyway—to be conditioned for human life."

Though addicted to pretty women, as well as to slivovitz and strong cigars, Von Karman never married. He lived with his sister Josephine (Pipo), who managed much of his personal life until she died in 1951. Intimates expected the shock of her loss to kill him, but he continued his work with undiminished vigor. By his casual count, he had earned 24 honorary degrees, 10 decorations, 32 awards, and belonged to 31 scientific societies.

Last week, while visiting Aachen, the city where he made his mark in the Kaiser's Germany, the old professor died of a heart attack. He was 81. He had lived with aviation since its infancy and had woven the bright thread of his thought through every strand of its history.

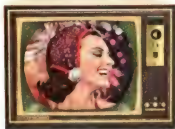


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POWELL

## JAZZ

### Goodbye to All That

Some went away in pursuit of music, but others were just looking for an old man's security or a young man's kicks. Some went because life at home was somehow thankless, and others left when racial grief overwhelmed them, or when the need for narcotics became too great a torment to bear in the watchful U.S. All went to Europe and there for all their mixed ambitions and talents and woes, most have found what they were looking for. As a result, a hundred or so American jazzmen are now residents of Europe, and the Continent is swinging as Manhattan has not since 1929 Street closed down.

**Rome's Funny.** The highly cerebral European jazz audience haunts imitation American nightclubs with such names as "The Blue Note" in Paris and Berlin, "The Hot Club" in Munich, "The Whiskey Club" in Madrid, and "The Club Montmartre" in Copenhagen. There they listen to the expatriates playing the kind of abstract and inward jazz that club owners are quick to grouse about in New York. European enthusiasm has spawned some odd combos: a blind Spaniard, two Dutch brothers and a Californian, but since the American is always the soloist, it also creates a heady atmosphere for the expatriates. Says a German jazz critic: "Europeans defy American jazzmen. They pray to them."

In such rare air, down-home musicians behave like visiting professors. Fats Waller-style pianist Joe Turner now sings discreetly in nine languages, and New Orleans-style clarinetist Albert Nicholas spends his Sundays reading from a translation of the uplifting Chinese classic, *Chun Ping Mei*. But for most, life in Europe is not so much happy or rewarding as it is painless. Their fate is precisely what might have been predicted for cultural exiles who were generally more eager to say goodbye to the U.S. than *bonjour* to Europe.

Even among those who have lingered in Europe for years, the thought of stay-

## MUSIC



BAKER

The most missed.

ing for good is often a melancholy one. The pay is seldom higher than \$20 nightly, and for most, there are too few good nights' work to sustain life as a cultural hero. Though many Negroes vow they will never return home ("Who wants to live in a country where they sick dogs on you?" says Blues Singer "Champion" Jack Dupree), white jazzmen in Europe find themselves on the underside of a strong inverse race prejudice—the European conviction that only Negroes can play jazz. "Negroes look more authentic," says a jazz scholar. And beyond that, some of the biggest cities remain remarkably square by Storyville standards. "Rome's a funny town," says a bearded hipster pianist from Michigan City, Ind. "Nobody knows where to get marijuana."

**Three of the Best.** Paris, though, is a junkie's paradise, and with six simon-pure jazz clubs, it is also the most hospitable to American émigrés. Last week in Paris, The Blue Note had Trumpeter Chet Baker and Pianists Kenny Drew and Bud Powell all on the same bill; the Club St. Germain had Drummer Kenny Clarke, and Joe Turner was at his accustomed spot in the Calvados Bar. Having grown up on a strict diet of Sidney Bechet (who died in Paris in 1932 just short of canonization by the masses), Paris has also cultivated a fondness for down-river jazz. Blues Singers Curtis Jones, Memphis Slim, and Dupree all play Paris, having been rescued from neglect in New York and Chicago four years ago by two French enthusiasts.

Though some expatriate jazzmen never had a career worth saving at home, some have abandoned highly successful lives in America in favor of life abroad. Among the 20 or so excellent jazz musicians in Europe today are three of the best anywhere. They are the most missed of all the expatriates and their lives away from home are as different as their reasons for leaving:

► **TRUMPETER CHET BAKER, 34,** says: "I left America because I had a medical problem—drugs. Europeans treat drug addicts as sick persons, not criminals, and I'm not going back home until I'm sure I'm all right." Baker's remark rings



CLARKE

strangely: the Italians locked him up for 16 months, then kicked him out of the country, and since then he has received similarly chilly greetings in Germany, Switzerland and England.

A few years ago Baker could easily have become a romantic hero of modern jazz. He plays with a mystic, "golden horn" lyricism, and he looks and acts enough like the late James Dean to have inherited a vast following of movie-house rebels. But now all that is behind him—he has been away too long. Early last year, he was about to nail the lid on his career with a Dino de Laurentiis film called *The Chet Baker Story*, but as his luck would have it, the project was dropped: there was not enough material in a life so young and lost.

► **DRUMMER KENNY CLARKE, 49,** was one of bebop's frontiersmen, and when he left for Europe in 1956, he was generally considered the best drummer around. He conceals his reasons for leaving behind a smile of well-being and of all the Americans in Europe, Clarke is by far the most successful. He has a *pavillon* outside Paris, where he spends his Sundays gardening, a taste for *roué d'Amour*, a Dutch wife and an English car, and next fall he will take up a post as *Musiklehrer* at the Volkshochschule in Essen where he will teach a course in something like philosophy of drumming. He tours everywhere and vacations on the Côte d'Azur. "Why not stay here?" he says. "I earn a good living—a very good living."

► **PIANIST BUD POWELL, 38,** is unquestionably the most important jazz musician in Europe, and he is universally considered the best of the bebop pianists. He left New York in 1950, briefly emerging from the fog that had kept him close to mental hospitals since 1947. In Paris, he is distant, silent and alone. He scarcely talks to anyone except to murmur the





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# DELTA

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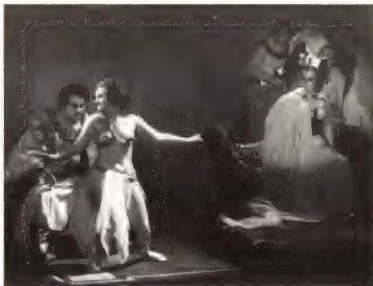


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# DELTA

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RUDOLFOVA (LEFT) AS SALOME  
It should be above all sexy.

two-line litany that describes his bleak fate. "Do you like me?" he will ask, and if the answer is yes, he says, "Then buy me a cognac." At The Blue Note, he sits slumped over the piano, ear cocked down to the keys, and he plays like a man trying to recall how he used to sound. Now and then, with a cry of "Behop!" he spins into a rush of the crashing, dissonant chords that distinguish his style, but some nights he scarcely plays at all.

Powell's days as a creative musician seem over now, but he is still a masterful pianist. Duke Ellington, who recorded an hour of his playing for Reprise Records early this year, says Powell is playing as well now as he did years ago when he made the series of *Nerve* and *Blue Note* recordings that became a guide to a whole generation of jazz pianists. He will tour Sweden and Denmark this summer and come to New York in the fall for the first time in nearly five years. "I think he feels his music more deeply now," says his wife Buttercup. "His phrasing is different. When he plays *Autumn* in New York, you can actually hear the subway in the first chords."

## OPERA Last Week, East Berlin

The lights came up on the curtainless stage of East Berlin's Komische Oper last week, and there, pregnant with portents of disaster, hung a textured moon that looked like a fly's swollen eye. A shock. When John the Baptist was pulled barefoot from his cistern prison, his long matted hair hung down to his animal-skin sarong. Another shock. Then came Salome with her veils and her dances, and in a spirit perfectly suggested by the jewel stuck in her navel, she treated an earnest audience to a performance of Strauss's shocker that came straight from the liiido.


For its new *Salome* under the sophisticated hand of Director Götz Friedrich 32, the Komische Oper signaled its intentions by tacking up a "No One Under 18 Admitted" sign at the box office. With Czech Soprano Jarmila Rudolfová as Salome, Friedrich had a tiger to inspire him and he made the most of it; after researching such questions as the typical nighttime temperature in Judea in A.D. 30 to ensure authenticity, Friedrich decided the production should be, above all, sexy.

It was. Backlighting stripped Rudolfová of her seven veils before her dance had even begun, and when it reached its wild climax, she stood among her abandoned robes dressed only in a St. Tropez bikini. Later, moving in an almost ritualistic trance, she slithered to the floorboards to plant a 60-second kiss on the lips of the apostle's severed head, thus achieving a moment of nightmare delight that brought a horrified gasp from the packed house.

The East Berlin press was justly enthusiastic about Friedrich's production and Rudolfová's performance, but the sticky thing was to explain what all this decadence had to do with art in a Workers' and Peasants' Paradise. The ideological Neues Deutschland quoted Lenin and observed that the opera epitomized the downfall of Herod's degenerate court and was therefore historically instructive. It was better, said Neues Deutschland than Luchino Visconti's 1961 production at Spoleto (where John was "a proletarian upon whose class consciousness Salome comes to grief") or Wieland Wagner's West Berlin production last December, in which religiosity was emphasized. But connoisseurs of the basic Salome, who do not bother themselves with such matters, were content to say that Rudolfová was the sexiest Salome since Margaret Tyne— or maybe even that red-haired genius, Ljuba Welich.

*this calls for*

# Budweiser

A color photograph of three men sitting around a camp table. The man on the left wears a red jacket and a red baseball cap. The man in the middle wears a plaid shirt. The man on the right wears a blue button-down shirt. They are all smiling and looking at each other. On the table are three cans of Budweiser beer, a lantern hanging above them, and some papers. The background shows a lake and trees under a blue sky.

*the  
camping trip...* end of the day  
...everybody's relaxed. Deal a hand or two,  
have a Bud. or two. Really hits the spot.

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■ *Report to business from B.F. Goodrich*

## **BFG helps land the big ones**

**NEW BOEING 727 MAKES ITS FIRST TEST LANDING AT PAINE AIR FORCE BASE NEAR SEATTLE.** With flaps down and landing gear locked in place, this jet airliner is heading for the runway. Seconds after this picture was snapped, the test pilot eased the plane onto concrete, then braked to a stop only 2000 feet from the point of touch down. America's newest jet had made a perfect landing its first time out.

Though it's big enough to carry 114 passengers, it's not as big as the huge transcontinental jets. Boeing developed this

one for short-range service, to bring jet transportation to smaller cities. Thus the 3-engine 727 is designed for short runways, short trips, frequent takeoffs and landings. And so are the brakes and wheels developed for it by B.F. Goodrich.

A new type B.F. Goodrich brake helps reduce the required landing distance. BFG design changes provide a larger brake lining area and better natural ventilation, so that the brakes and wheels won't overheat despite stop-and-go demands.

The tires on the 727 are made with a patented BFG fabric



tread construction. To keep centrifugal force from stripping the tread off, the tread itself is laminated with thousands of nylon cords that bind the tread to the tire carcass. This unique BFG cord construction also reduces tread distortion and keeps down heat. This is the type of BFG tire that's used on all models of U.S. commercial jets—and it's also specified for all Air Force planes with take-off speeds of 250 m.p.h. or more.



In addition to tires, wheels and brakes, other advanced BFG products, such as De-Icers, fuel hose, high-strength bonding adhesives, are also making their contributions to air transportation. Putting rubber, metal, textiles or plastics to work to help make your business better is the business of B. F. Goodrich. If we can help you please write the President's Office, *The B. F. Goodrich Company, Akron 18, Ohio.*





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# TIME'S 40<sup>TH</sup> ANNIVERSARY PARTY



WALTER REUTHER



JUDGE MEDINA



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SENATOR KENNEDY

The power of the office was the people who were there.

## Only in This Country

"Nowhere else in the world could a group of people like this come together under such auspices," said Paul Tillich, famed head of the University of Chicago's School of Divinity. "In Europe, it would be a group which only royalty could command. The presence of all these people and the fact that it could take place under private auspices says something very good and very important about this country."

In a mood of reminiscence and evaluation, Theologian Tillich was summing up Time's 40th anniversary party, held last week in New York City. "All these people," as Tillich described them, were subjects of cover stories in every field of human endeavor, who had gathered at the Waldorf-Astoria to help celebrate the birthday. The party provided a unique opportunity for businessman to meet musician, for architect to meet politician, for entertainer to meet scientist, for general to meet churchman, for physician to meet sportsman. "The point of this party," said Editor in Chief Henry R. Luce, "is the people who are here, that they should enjoy meeting each other face to face, as we hope they have enjoyed meeting each other in the pages of TIME."

**Light Hearts & Great Issues.** The people who were there got the point. In serious vein or in high spirits, they found time for deep conversation, for light-hearted cocktail chat, for thoughtful listening to the presentation of great issues, for seeing and being seen, for meeting and getting met. Many of the guests found the way to the Waldorf paved by a pair of preliminary, ice-breaking get-togethers in the days preceding the key event. For out-of-town visitors who arrived early, TIME Publisher and Mrs. Bernhard Auer held a small, informal cocktail reception at Manhattan's Regency Hotel. The fol-

lowing day, under acres of bright-colored tents, Time Inc. President and Mrs. James A. Linen gave a garden party and buffet dinner at their home in Greenwich, Conn., for more than 200 cover subjects and their TIME escorts and special guests.

On the big evening at the Waldorf, Francis Cardinal Spellman began the program with an invocation that made staff members stand straight. "Come into the midst of us, Holy Spirit of Truth, as on this joyous occasion we celebrate the 40th anniversary of TIME Magazine. May its distinguished name remind us of the greatest of our gifts, the gift of time itself. . . . Seizing all life's fleeting opportunities for dedicated service to Thee and our fellow men, for those whose days and nights are busy in the creation of this distinguished weekly, we ask Thy special blessing, continued vision, strength and wisdom to fulfill their great responsibility as informers and formers of the public

mind. Grant that in all the hectic pressures of their calling they may preserve its ideals of truth, integrity and fairness. We offer Thee our heartfelt thanks, O Lord, as we count the blessings of TIME's 40 fruitful years." The cardinal then read a telegram from the Vatican. "Holy Father Pope John XXIII requests Your Eminence to convey his greetings to the assembly, expressing prayerful hope that the meeting may further the cause of peace and brotherhood of mankind."

**Himself Is Here.** As toastmaster Editor in Chief Luce introduced the guests with him on the dais. When he finished, there was a bustle at the rostrum as news of a late arrival was whispered into his ear. Then came the remark: "Himself is here, let's have him. Ladies and gentlemen, would you please rise, The Vice President of the United States."

Lyndon Johnson made his entrance to a round of applause and, in his later brief remarks, combined a touch of humor and a ring of patriotism. "As I have looked around the room tonight," said Johnson, "I have realized that many of us owe Harry Luce a very great debt for being the first publisher to select magazine cover models on a basis other than beauty." And, "We have here in the room tonight the conglomeration of viewpoints that could only be assembled in a free land. A good many of us would have been shot or sent to remote exile if we lived in other parts of the globe, so it seems to me that those who have been brought together here tonight owe a great debt of gratitude to our nation and its determination to preserve freedom for us all. So I should like to ask you to join me in a toast to our host and to our country."

There was rapt silence as Principal Speaker Tillich delivered a probing commentary on "The Human Condition" and a warm response to Secretary of State



LYNDON JOHNSON

A blend of humor and patriotism.



GENERAL NORSTAD & WIFE  
There and notable:

Dean Rusk's off-the-cuff discussion of the 40 years that have passed since TIME was founded.

**Instructed & Infuriated.** Then Time Inc. President Lihen stepped forward to read a message of greeting from President Kennedy: "Every great magazine is the lengthened shadow of its editor, and this is particularly the case with TIME. The conception of a magazine which would render weekly reports on every aspect of human action and thought was revolutionary; and in having the wit to imagine this conception and the capacity to bring it to successful realization, Henry R. Luce has shown himself one of the creative editors of our age. TIME, in its effort to embrace the totality of human experience has instructed, entertained, confused, and infuriated its readers for nearly half a century. Like most Americans, I do not always agree with TIME, but I nearly always read it. And, though I am bound to think that TIME sometimes seems to do its best to contract the political horizons

of its audience, I am especially glad that it has worked so steadfastly to enlarge their intellectual and cultural horizons. This has contributed materially. I think to the raising of standards in our nation in recent years, I hope I am not wrong in occasionally detecting these days in TIME those more mature qualities appropriate to an institution entering its 40s—a certain mellowing of tone, a greater tolerance of human frailty, and most astonishing of all, an occasional hint of fallibility. For TIME—congratulations!"

Commenting on Kennedy's message, Toastmaster Luce hoped that TIME's "No. 1 subscriber will always be the President of the U.S., especially one who reads us with such very fine-tuned, judicious, judicial sensibility. About one of the greatest personal privileges of the editor in chief of TIME is to have at least some degree of dialogue with the President. Tonight I thank him for his affable telegram, and I assure him, as far as I am concerned, the dialogue will continue to be as interesting as possible for us both."

As for Kennedy's reference to maturity at 40, Luce read an excerpt from "one of the great editors of America, Roy Roberts of the Kansas City Star. 'Just a word of caution,' says Roy Roberts, 'on this historic anniversary, from one who has been in the business even longer. Don't get too mellow.'"

**Kennedys in Bloom.** Throughout the evening, as four additional masters of ceremonies (LIFE Publisher C. D. Jackson, Helen Hayes, Henry Cabot Lodge, Bob Hope) took turns introducing cover guests, plea followed plea to hold back time-consuming applause until the end of each turn. It was all in vain. The crowd greeted each name with a round of approval, especially heavy for such favorites as Douglas MacArthur, Cuban Exile Leader José Miró Cardona, Jonas Salk, Green Bay Packer Coach Vince Lombardi, Gen-

eral Omar Bradley, Judge Harold Medina and Casey Stengel.

By the time Hope took over, midnight was near and introductions had to be compressed to a simple announcement of each cover subject's name. But characteristically, Hope could not resist bringing the party back to a laughing mood. "I know it is one of these speed things," he said, "and I am thrilled to get on, because my shirt went out of style 20 minutes ago. I want to tell you that I have attended a few affairs in my life, but never anything like this. When you think that Charles Edison is sitting here, and his father made this spotlight possible—thank you, But Mr. Luce does everything on a grand scale, and on the 25th anniversary of LIFE he did a 60-minute TV show with me as the star, and now he has invited me here. Mr. Luce obviously has vision, intelligence—and amnesia . . . I get a personal kick just seeing all these wonderful public servants up here from Washington. I think it is just marvelous. I really do, because it is a kind of tough time to leave Washington, when all the cherry trees and all the Kennedys are in bloom."

The introductions that followed were dotted with Hopeisms. "Mr. James C. Hagerty (I remember when he was a caddie at the White House); the Waldorf's Conrad Hilton—a man who is really mixing business with pleasure tonight); Mortimer Caplin (the man who can answer the all-important question, is this dinner deductible?)"

After laughter, and Hope, the Rev. Henry Pitney Van Dusen, president of the Union Theological Seminary, closed the program on the note that had begun it: "As we give thanks to those of every age, and especially our own who have merited and won the esteem and plaudits of their fellow men, infect us afresh with some measure of true greatness, vision and wisdom, fortitude and devotion for the en-



ALLEN DULLES



NORMAN THOMAS



AL CAPP

"Darling, take a good look . . .



MATSHITA & WIFE



GENERAL LEMNITZER, HENRY CABOT LODGE, THOMAS E. DEWEY  
The impossible turns out to be possible.

largement of learning, for the vindication of right, for the betterment of society and the healing of the nation, that even in our day a fairer ordering of mankind's life may come."

## Diversity for Dinner

In a crowd that had what one columnist called "staggering diversity," ex-prizefighter chatted with industrialist, baseball manager interpreted ideas expressed by theologian, and one U.S. Senator demanded that another yield a beautiful actress. *Items.*

Before dinner Monday night, Joe Louis and Henry Ford II held an animated conversation about the Brown Bomber's days as a 45¢-an-hour assembly-line worker in the Ford Motor Co.'s River Rouge plant back in 1931. "I told Mr. Ford," said Louis, "that I went on a leave of absence and haven't been back since." "We talked about the old 'B' building at River

Rouge," said Ford. "I didn't know Joe had two brothers still working there."

Senator Barry Goldwater's tuxedo had watered silk lapels in a floral design. "One thing about owning a store," explained Goldwater, whose family operates Goldwaters in Phoenix, "you've got to wear the things that don't sell."

In one of the rooms off the main ballroom, a group of partygoers and a small musical combo surrounded Actor Rex Harrison. Head bent forward, brow wrinkled in a characteristic Hugginsian expression, Harrison was quietly singing *Po' Gosen Accustomed to Her Face*. Once when he muffed the lyrics, he was immediately prompted by his audience.

About to spear an artichoke with her fork a diner seated across the table from Diet Specialist Ancel Keys asked, "Do

you approve of artichokes?" "Absolutely," replied Keys, downing a glass of polyunsaturated white wine.

When New York Mets Manager Casey Stengel and his wife Edna arrived, Mrs. Stengel announced: "I'm Mrs. Stengel. We're in baseball." After Theologian Tillich's speech at the Monday dinner, Casey, in his own conversational style, offered his interpretation to the guests at his table. They were bewildered.

"Don't look behind you, Louella," Mrs. Henry Wallace warned Mrs. Everett Dirksen. "Someone's wearing the same dress you are." Mrs. Dirksen turned, saw a guest wearing the same pink and white flowered gown and said in mock indignation: "I want my money back."

Easing through the crush of persons jamming the Waldorf's four reception rooms, Jack Dempsey said: "This is the



REX HARRISON



VAN CLIBURN



BEATE DAVIS

... you'll never see anything like this again."

toughest fight I've had in a long time." When Comedian Milton Berle introduced Mrs. Dempsey to Mrs. Gene Tunney, he said to the Manassa Mauler's wife: "Your husband knows her husband."

Industrialist Konosuke Matsushita, the board chairman of Japan's Matsushita Electric Co., wanted most to meet Actor Richard Boone, whose *Have Gun, Will Travel* is a top-rated show on Japanese

television. When he was finally introduced to TV's Paladin, Matsushita executed a low, formal Oriental bow, then came up fast with both hands cocked in a two-gun draw. Informed that Matsushita was Japan's highest-paid businessman at \$1,266,000 last year, the U.S.'s top automobile wage earner, General Motors Board Chairman Frederic G. Donner, who pulled in a mere \$291,000 in 1962, cracked: "I'll have to tell my board about that."

A rose discreetly tucked into her décolletage, Gina Lollobrigida was a magnet that attracted passing males. "Sweet lady," said Republican Senator Everett Dirksen, bowing low. "I'm pleased to meet you." Tapping Dirksen impatiently on the shoulder, Democratic Senator Hubert Humphrey said: "Will the Senator please yield?" Posing for a photograph with Senator Humphrey, former Republican Presidential Candidate Thomas E. Dewey

## "A WORLD TRANSFORMED"

*Ankara, Teheran, Karachi, New Delhi, Belgrade—these were the way-stops of Secretary of State Dean Rusk in the ten days prior to TIME's anniversary dinner. He was the only man in a white dinner jacket—because that's what he had along for appearances in India; he stepped to the dais without a word on paper and spoke eloquently of the explosion of states, ideas and problems in the 40 years since the birth of TIME. Excerpts:*

MY admission ticket was a cover story written just before I became Secretary of State, and in those good old days, TIME said some very nice things about me. We are members, I suppose, of a special order of cover-story victims, and all of us share the experience of having been fully exposed. But we have our Knights Commanders, the Men of the Year; we have our Grand Knight Commander, the Man of the Half-Century—the incomparable Winston Churchill—so this is a proud order.

It is a great privilege for me to bring congratulations to Harry Luce and to his associates on this 40th occasion of the birth of TIME. An idea has become a vital and throbbing institution, with a special relationship to its readers. TIME has always informed them. It has on occasion inspired them. It has frequently amused them. It has sometimes irritated and angered them. But it has never bored them.

It set out 40 years ago to talk about what the news means—not in some disembodied spirit, not claiming to have some special revelation, but stepping forth frankly and boldly to tell its readers what the publishers and the editors of this great publication themselves believed. Hiding behind no one else, taking their own responsibility, living with the results.

It has become a rather important international institution. I suppose TIME holds the record for having been banned from more countries than any other publication of general circulation. I would suppose that in these past 40 years, that is something of a medal of merit. Of course, the thin skin of the U.S. Government, toughened by the First Amendment, has never allowed that question to arise in this country.

But on more than one occasion, we in the Department of State have been asked by diplomats from this or that country, was TIME speaking for the Government of the U.S., and we regularly say no, brother, it was only speaking to you just as it speaks to us.

Forty years is a long time. A world transformed—this world of Harry Luce and TIME—the world of every citizen. In 1923, relations with only 30 countries. In 1923, still possible for a Secretary of State to say goodbye to an Ambassador in full confidence he would not hear from him for at least six months. Forty years in which great explosions have taken place. The explosion of states, now



SECRETARY RUSK

112 of them, 33 of whom have planned elections and changes of government in this calendar year, and five of whom have already enjoyed unscheduled changes in government in this calendar year.

An explosion of aspiration, a rather recent discovery on the part of ordinary men and women in all parts of the earth: the discovery that disease and ignorance and misery are not there by the hand of Providence, but are something which men can do something about.

An explosion of communications, which has transformed modern life. Communications today put a special emphasis on what happens next, for an able and sophisticated and competitive press today knows that what happens today is no longer news—it is what is going to happen tomorrow that is the object of interest and concern. Although this is the cause for concern and

anxiety to those of us who are called upon to be prophets, nevertheless, there is something realistic about it, because the pace of events is moving so fast that unless we can find some way to keep our sights on tomorrow, we cannot expect to be in touch with today.

I have known Harry Luce in many different ways, as an individual, as a publisher. There are two ideas to which I know he is deeply attached, which seem to me to be central in our relations with other countries.

The first is the notion of law—the law which does not enslave but liberates; the law which makes it possible to predict how we shall act; the law which makes it possible for us to pursue our eccentric orbits with a minimum of collision.

The second is the underlying and fundamental difference between a world of coercion and a world of freedom. What is American foreign policy? You go home, think deeply about what this country is all about, and you will have the essence of it in your hand. The simple notion that governments derive their just powers from the consent of the governed. Health, rather than sickness; knowledge, rather than ignorance; relief from the terror that strikes at midnight; ability to move with family and friends in confidence.

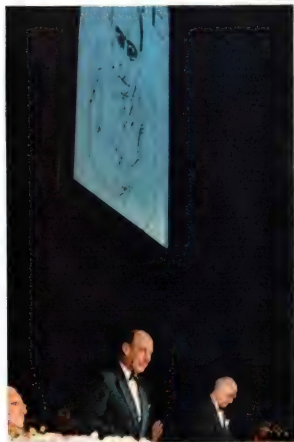
These simple ideas are what foreign policy is all about, what the thousand cables a day coming into and going out of the Department of State all mean. These are the simple notions which move us forward, and these are the notions that are deeply rooted in the very nature of man, and these are the notions which link us with people in all parts of the earth, and these are the notions which mean that the world of free men is the world of tomorrow.

This great course of history is moving toward freedom today, as it has been before, and when we consult America at its best, and our democratic allies at their best, and discover what we are really all about, we can walk the world in confidence and in courage because that is the world which will surely prevail.





SALUTE TO "THAT GREAT AMERICAN HERO" GENERAL DOUGLAS MACARTHUR BROUGHT CHEERS FROM THE AUDIENCE



ADLAI STEVENSON, who made his first appearance on Jan. 28, 1952 cover, stands beneath projection of his fifth cover.



SENATOR HUBERT HUMPHREY, here with vivacious Actress Ginger Rogers, had a ball at the after-dinner dance.

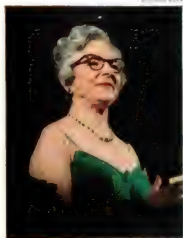


GLITTERING SCENE in Waldorf Astoria ballroom and two tiers of boxes brought together 284 TIME cover men and women and hundreds of other guests at key event of 25th anniversary celebration. This view is from table of Baseball's

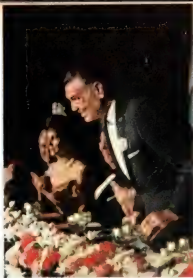


Casey Stengel and Hollywood's Hedda Hopper (both cover subjects). Above: class where representative group of cover subjects was seated with hosts. In screen on which cover portrait of each subject was projected at time of introduction.

**KING OF THE RING** Jack Dempsey was one of earliest (1923) cover subjects.



**THEATER QUEEN** Helen Hayes helped present guests.



**CHALLENGER ON THE RIGHT** Barry Goldwater beside Jean Kerr.



**HOSTESS** Clare Boothe Luce warmly greets Protestant Theologian Paul Tillich.



**HOST** Henry R. Luce chats with Soprano Leontyne Price before dinner.



**ORATORY AND BEAUTY** match methods as Senator Everett Dirksen talks to Gina Lollobrigida.

joked: "I can only warn you, Senator—this picture can only help me, but it may hurt you."

A tough college middleweight at the University of Virginia, Internal Revenue Commissioner Mortimer Caplin mixed with three heavyweights—and came away with the autographs of Jack Dempsey, Gene Tunney and Joe Louis.

As Henry Cabot Lodge raced through his introductions of cover subjects, Comedian Bert Lahr said with mock annoyance: "That name dropper."

Scientists, theologians, educators, and military leaders who had never flinched before ferms, ignorance, shot or shell suddenly turned wide-eyed in the presence of show business personalities. White-haired Nuclear Physicist Isidor Rabi begged to be introduced to Hedda Hopper as he was too shy to go up to the columnist himself. "Why were you on the cover of *Time*?" Hedda asked him, somewhat doubtfully. Answered Rabi: "Because I won the Nobel Prize."

Said Musical Comedy Star Carol Channing: "Nobody gets as much fun out of meeting celebrities as other celebrities."

As Cuban Exile Leader Dr. Miró Cardona was leaving the Linen party, an elderly lady in a red dress grabbed his hand and said: "Doctor, you're a brave man and I admire you. There is only one person who has more courage than you, and that is the lady who is giving this party."

"I remember you running for president when I was a little girl," a woman guest told 78-year-old Socialist Norman Thomas. "Madame," replied six-time presidential candidate Thomas. "I've been running for President since I was a little boy."

Actress Bette Davis looked over the crowd and said to her 16-year-old daughter, Barbara Sherry: "Darling, take a good look, because you'll never see anything like this again."

## "I Present to You . . ."

From the dais at the anniversary dinner, Editor in Chief Luce introduced a group of cover subjects with personal citations. Among them:

A liberal statesman, one of *TIME*'s first employees, our first Washington reporter at \$10 a week, the Honorable Henry Cabot Lodge.

For many years our badly unpaid adviser on religion, the Rev. Henry Pitney van Dusen, distinguished president of Union Theological Seminary.

A brilliant, alltime-great district attorney, one of the very great governors of the state of New York, a tough fellow in a

THOMAS ADAMS  
MORTIMER J. ADLER  
WYTHROPT ALDRICH  
MICHAEL ALEMÁN  
HENRY C. ALEXANDER  
GEORGE W. ANDERSON JR.  
MARVIN ANDERSON  
EDDIE ARCADE  
ELIZABETH ARDEN  
GEORGE BALANCHINE  
HARRY A. BATTEN  
HARRY BELMONT  
EZRA TAIT BENSON  
EDGAR BIRGEN  
MILTON BERLE  
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HENRY FORD II  
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SOPHIE GIMBLE

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BERT LAHR  
EMORY SCOTT LAND  
ANDREW B. LANSING  
LEONARD LARSON  
ANDREW MELAN LAWRENCE  
HOWARD LAYNE  
LYMAN L. LEWIS  
WILLIAM J. LEVITT  
DAVID LILIENTHAL  
WILHELM LUDWIG  
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GINA LOLLORIGIDA  
VINCE LOMBARDI  
JOE LOUIS  
ROBERT LOVETT  
ROBERT E. LUCK  
DOUGLAS MACARTHUR  
RONALD MACLE  
THURGOOD MARSHALL  
JOSEPH W. MARTIN JR.  
WILLIAM MCCHESNEY MARTIN JR.  
LOUIS MARX  
KONDOKE MATSUHITA  
BILLY MARGALE  
JOHN JAY McCLOY  
SETH HUBERLE McELROY  
ANDREW G. McNAUGHTON  
HAROLD MEDINA  
RICHARD K. MILLON  
PIERRE MENDES-FRANCE  
GIAN CARLO MENOTTI  
ETHEL MERRMAN  
PERE MESTA  
ROBERT B. MEYNER  
MICHAEL J. MORGAN  
RAYMOND MOLLY  
JAMES MONROE  
JAN MORAY  
DELEPHUS S. MORRISON  
CHARLES G. MORRIS  
LOUIS MCMON MORTIN  
PATRICK MUNCSEL  
CUNNINGHAM MURCHISON JR.  
JOHN MURKINSON  
ROBERT D. MURPHY  
JOHN COURTNEY MURRAY, S.J.

Comedian—Hobbes  
DOROTHY F. HOBBS  
BOB HOPE  
EDWARD HOPPER  
HEDDA HOPPER  
ROYAL HOWARD  
SAM HULL  
GEORGE HUMPHREY  
HERBERT H. HUMPHREY  
ROBERT HUTCHINGS  
DAVID INGALLS  
WILLIAM JENSEN  
MARIA JURITA  
LYNDON B. JOHNSON  
RUFUS JOHNSON  
JENNIFER JONES  
JANNEY KAYE  
KATHLEEN T. KELLER  
JOHN M. KEMPER  
EDWARD KENNEDY  
STEPHEN P. KENNEDY  
GEORGE C. KENNEY  
CLARK KERR  
JEAN KERR  
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DAVID M. OGLIVY  
WILLIAM OGLE  
WALTER O'MALLEY  
FRANK PAGE  
WILLIAM PALEY  
ALFRED PATERSON  
FRIEDMAN PETERSON  
CLAUDE PETERSON  
FRANKLIN PERKINS  
JAMES C. PETRILLO  
SYLVIA PORTER  
ROBERT PRISTON  
GWILYM A. PRICE  
LEONTINE PRICE  
NATHAN PURSEY  
ELWOOD QUESADA  
ISIDORE I. RABIN  
ARTHUR W. RADFORD  
RALPH T. REED  
JAMES ROGERS REID  
JAMES RUSTON  
WALTER RUTHER  
CHARLES S. RYAN  
EDWARD V. RICKENBACHER  
MATTHEW B. RIDGWAY  
TOMERL REIDER  
ROBIN REIDER  
DOROTHY P. ROBINSON  
JACKIE ROBINSON  
JAMES S. ROCKWELLER  
GINGER ROBBERS  
GEORGE ROSENBERG  
BILLY ROSE  
DIAN REIS  
DONALD J. RUSSELL  
RONALD RUSSELL  
MORT SAHL  
JOAN E. SALK  
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NATHAN F. TWISING  
JAMES VAN ALLEN  
HENRY PITNEY VAN DUSEN  
JAMES A. VAN FLEET  
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DALE E. WYDE  
BURTON K. WHITLER  
THOMAS D. WHITE  
JOHN HAY WHITNEY  
J. MESSAN WHITNEY  
CHARLES EDWARD WILSON  
ROBERT E. WOODS  
HERMAN WOLK  
MINORU YAMASAKI  
CHARLES YANAGER  
DARRYL F. ZANECK



fight, and a good loser, *Thomas E. Dewey*.

The only man who got honorary degrees from Harvard, Yale and Princeton in one week, *Eugene R. Black*, who made the World Bank one of the pillars of our world.

Billy Phelps taught generations of Yalemen that the test of a great play was whether or not it sent tingles up your spine. One name which does that to me is that great American hero, *Douglas MacArthur*.

We proudly boast that *TIME* was the first publication to call international attention to a name now honored throughout the world, *Adlai Stevenson*.

If he can give us the tax system which we can live with, he will be the greatest Secretary of the Treasury since Alexander Hamilton: *Douglas Dillon*.

There are perhaps only a dozen original subscribers to *TIME* in this room tonight. One of them was a humble priest in Worcester, Mass. In our second or third year, in a moment of youthful folly, we offered for \$60 a perpetual subscription to *TIME* to a man and his heirs forever. We quickly withdrew the offer, but not before that same humble priest had taken us up on it. A faithful reader and an unfailing friend. His Eminence *Francis Cardinal Spellman*.

Grandson of an immortal of industry, he has made the name greater than ever—in business, philanthropy, international affairs: *Henry Ford II*.

A Yaleman bows to the president of the

premier university, President of Harvard *Nathan Pusey*.

A great virologist who is helping to keep all of us alive, *John Enders*.

In youth or age, in Washington or in South Carolina, an ever effective statesman, Senator, assistant President, Justice of the Supreme Court, Secretary of State, Governor *Jimmy Byrnes*.

Someone said, "The American Century," he said, "No, the Century of the Common Man"—perhaps both were partly right. Famous as Secretary of Agriculture and Vice President of the United States, *Henry Wallace*.

Irrepressible and insidious, he keeps telling me that I really agree with him, can't help liking that man, a leader of the Senate, *Hubert Humphrey*.

She teaches girls to be women and inspires our sons to deserve such ladies: President of Radcliffe *Dr. Mary I. Bunting*.

He has kept the flame of Christian hope alive for his people under two tyrannies, Nazism and Communism: *Bishop Otto Dibelius*.

Compact car with a 500-horsepower engine, the Governor of Michigan, *George Romney*.

Beauty is her business, and every woman here and every man knows it: *Elizabeth Arden*.

In painting, I know what I like. I enormously like *Edward Hopper*.

A novelist, wonderful obsessed with America, *John Dos Passos*.

His faith and wisdom sustained the

public philosophy: *Rabbi Louis Finkelstein*.

True. Journalist daughter of a great journalist whose husband, *Harry Guggenheim*, also made the cover on his own *Alicia Patterson*.

A man who knows what he believes and does well by his belief, the United States Senator from Arizona, *Barry Goldwater*.

He has written his name all across the sky. We salute a great scientist *James Van Allen*.

There are quite a few people in this room who ought to have been on the cover of *TIME* and haven't been for various reasons. I should like now to pay my respects to all of them by saluting one of them, one who has not been on the cover for a unique but very poor reason: she married the editor in chief. I present to you with great respect and all my love, *Clare Boothe Luce*.

## Planning the Celebration

The idea was conceived last September at a *TIME* editors' lunch. "Impossible" was the general reaction, but soon a staff planning staff that ultimately reached 400 fulltime people went to work.

From the start, one thought predominated: whatever the logistical and protocol problems, the party must be as friendly as a college reunion. Of *TIME*'s 30 years of cover subjects, many were dead and many others were foreign political business, religious, scientific and intellectual leaders unable to make the journey to the U.S. In sifting through the remainder, the planning staff searched for excellence and for those whose impact in their fields had been constructive and lasting. Each invitation included the spouse of the cover subject, and many invitations were personally delivered by *TIME* representatives.

**Churches & Hairdressers.** As acceptances poured into *TIME*'s offices, long-distance telephone calls were made to prospective guests to see when they would arrive in New York. *TIME* staffers were assigned to meet the cover subjects on arrival in the city and to take care of their needs throughout the period they were in town. To ease transportation difficulties, a fleet of 150 limousines was put at the guests' disposal, and a central switchboard set up for their convenience answered queries ranging from the time of church services to the names of good hairdressers.

The weekend began with the Regency Hotel reception and President Linsen's outdoor party on Sunday in Greenwich. The Linsen party was a breathtaking spectacle. Four yellow and white elastic-sided tents clustered about his yellow clapboard house and surrounded a huge barn. Guests wandered from house to tent to barn, from tables to dance floor, from bar to buffet, all the while meeting and greeting people whose faces they recognized.

A nearby polo field was transformed



HENRY FORD II & MRS. WHITNEY; JOHN HAY WHITNEY & MRS. FORD  
Seeing and being seen.

## "THE AMBIGUITY OF PERFECTION"

*Addressing a gathering of people noted for their professional excellence, Theologian Paul Tillich spoke of the ambiguity of perfection and found cause for uneasiness about the dimension of culture in the contemporary world. Excerpts:*

WHEN accepting the invitation, I was asked to speak about "The Human Condition in Relation to the Anniversary Celebration of TIME Magazine." While the human condition is a subject of general philosophical significance, our interest tonight is focused on the late past and the near future. Nevertheless, one cannot say anything about the present human situation without having an image of the universal condition of man. It is my conviction that the character of the human condition, like the character of all life, is "ambiguity"—the inseparable mixture of good and evil, of true and false, of creative and destructive forces—both individual and social.

Sometimes I have the feeling that the American irony, including the style of TIME, shows some awareness of the ambiguity of life—as long as it does not degenerate into mere cynicism. The awareness of the ambiguity of one's own highest achievements (as well as one's own deepest failures) is a definite symptom of maturity. Therefore, in an assembly in which such great achievements in so many realms of life are represented, it may be justified to speak of something I suggest calling "the ambiguity of perfection."

He who is not aware of the ambiguity of his perfection as a person and in his work is not yet mature; and a nation which is not aware of the ambiguity of its greatness also lacks maturity. Are we mature as a nation, are we aware of the ambiguity even of the best in us?

There are signs of such awareness in many places. The very fact that I was asked to speak about the human condition points to a lack of certainty about the excellence of this condition. An awareness of the ambiguity of our achievements is alive in those who know that the American form of democracy though preferable to most other present political methods, is not the end of the ways of historical providence. It is alive in those who realize that our methods of education-in-breadth, though desirable, are full of dangers for the future of our culture. It is alive in those who realize that the immense success of our economic system, though justified by this success, is not an unambiguous criterion for all other systems. It is alive in churches insofar as they recognize that they are not the unambiguous and exclusive vehicle of the manifestation of the mystery of being.

While the ambiguity of perfection is true of the human condition under all circumstances, there is an ambiguity

which is particularly true of our present condition. It is based on the fact that our culture is one-dimensional determined by the drive toward expansion in the horizontal line; be it the push into outer space, be it the production of ever new and improved tools, be it the increase in means and materials of communication, be it the growing number of human beings to whom cultural "goods" are available—all this is one-dimensional horizontal expansion. Therefore, it is subject to the "ambiguity of expansion."

Ambiguity does not mean evil. The merely negative critics of our condition confuse the two concepts and are not able to name the positive sources from which even their own criticism derives: if everything were negative it could not even be recognized as negative. Life is not like that—its problem is deeper. It is profoundly ambiguous.

The negative forces of our one-dimensional culture are extremely strong: if cultural goods can be sold and bought it is an almost irresistible temptation for contemporary creative minds to produce in order to sell. Often they resist this temptation and are in danger of being ignored by society, but who can prevent the consumers from taking the greatest creations of the past as goods for their entertainment or their social standing or as objects of conversation? Nobody can, and the consumers then miss tragically the experience of these works as expressions of ultimate human possibilities, profoundly significant for their own existence and the meaning of their own lives.

We must stop running in the one-dimension. We must come to a rest; we must enter the creation and unite with its inner power. But it is hard to find such rest in a one-dimensional culture. The endless variety of possibilities, the fascination of the new, the demand to be ahead of the development make waiting and contemplating almost impossible. The market of cultural goods requires always more production and more exchange: this is what ambiguity of expansion means.

It is the role of the creative critic to show the ambiguity of perfection in every culture. However they also have to fight a continuous struggle in the one-dimensional culture. Their fight is not that of the critic in former cultures where it could lead to martyrdom; but it is the fight against being taken into the culture as another cultural good. Then the Socratic gadfly is imprisoned though not in order to be killed. He is fed even with food for his criticism



DR. PAUL TILlich

but he is not free to give a judgment from the vertical dimension which may shake the culture that feeds him in its foundations.

You may think that these are words of a theologian who wants to sell the oldest cultural good, namely religion. He does not. Even if one calls the experience in the vertical dimension religious, it is not what this word usually connotes. It is not what I sometimes have called the magazine concept of religion—even the TIME concept of religion—namely, religion as one of the cultural functions of man's spirit reported, for instance, between economy and sports, considered as the job of the "religionist"—the most anti-religious word in the English language. Religion as the experience of the vertical line is effective in every creative work, in artistic as well as scientific, in ethical as well as in political, in technical as well as in economic creations, and even in the power of playing, there is this great symbol of human freedom.

Religion in this sense is the state in which we are grasped by the infinite seriousness of the question of the meaning of our life and our readiness to receive answers and to act according to them. These questions and answers are ordinarily expressed in systems of religious thought and life. But they are not exclusively bound to such expression. The vertical dimension, the dimension of depths, is present in the secular as well as in the religious realm. It is present, too, in our own one-dimensional culture, though obscured and suppressed by the forces of the horizontal and their restless drives.

It is my hope for the future that these questions and answers will be uncovered and liberated far more and for far more people than they are under the human condition in the present period. And I believe that it is the duty of all those who speak for our time—including TIME—to help with passion and wisdom so that the ultimate question becomes powerful again in our Western culture and in our nation.



TENT SCENE ON THE LINENS' LAWN  
One thousand or so friends came to call.

into a vast parking lot complete with a fire engine, two tow trucks, a chow tent for chauffeurs, overhead electric lighting, and a walkie-talkie system to call cars. Close touch was maintained with the U.S. Weather Bureau (it sprinkled on Sunday), and a doctor and registered nurse were on hand in case any of the 1,000 or so guests suddenly took ill. "If I had had staff work like this in Italy," said General Mark Clark. "I could have cleaned up that theater of action in two weeks."

**Trout & Candles.** As the Linen party lasted into the night, a final flurry of preparations was going on in New York. Ready for the tables were 680 handmade, solid-wax candles with a five-hour burning capacity. In the Waldorf kitchens, the staff was preparing 1,800 small brook trout raised specifically in a Long Island hatchery for the appetizer: *Truite de Rivière en Gelée à la Mugnette*. In the ballroom, a team of theater directors and producers rehearsed spotlighting cues for introduction of guests until 6:30 a.m. Monday. Last-minute acceptances and cancellations kept the seating plan in a state of flux until just before the dinner began. But when the 1,668 guests finally filed into the Grand Ballroom, most tables were arranged to mix cover subjects, special guests, a TIME host, and all their spouses.

Despite all the planning, there were inevitable mistakes and failures. Considerable confusion marked efforts to get guests onto the dais; planned for four hours, the program ran half an hour long. One highly notable cover guest present, former NATO Commander Lauris Norstad, was never introduced. But the im-

possible idea had turned out to be possible, and there was every indication that the guests, many of whom danced on into the morning hours to the music of Meyer Davis' orchestra, enjoyed it all.

### Regrets

"Maybe I can come to TIME's next anniversary dinner," cabled Jordan's King Hussein somewhat wistfully. After first accepting the invitation, the young King found the political climate at home too hot to leave. He was one of at least a hundred cover subjects who wanted to attend but found that some circumstance in the schedule of their busy lives kept them away.

Among them was Germany's Chancellor Konrad Adenauer, who also accepted but then found the pressure of events too great. He wrote: "It would have afforded me great pleasure to be able to thank the American people once more from all my heart and on American soil for the readiness to help and the friendship which it has shown us immediately after the war and during the following difficult years." Prime Minister Tunku Abdul Rahman, presiding at the birth of a new nation, regretted that "with Malaysia in the offing my presence in Malaya is very necessary."

One guest who was scheduled to speak sent regrets at nearly the last moment. New York Governor Nelson Rockefeller, honeymooning in Venezuela, wired that he knew "those present at this dinner constitute a substantial profile of mid-twentieth century history," then added: "I feel sure that all present will understand why even Harry Luce could not get me to the Waldorf tonight." Congressman James Roose-

velt was at his usual Monday night occupation, teaching political science at Fairleigh Dickinson University in New Jersey. "Much as I enjoy being a part-time professor," he wrote, "there are times when the line of duty interferes with personal pleasure." Declining his invitation more than two months ago, Martin Luther King Jr. said prophetically: "Unfortunately, I have a longstanding commitment in another section of the country on that date."

General Paul D. Harkins, U.S. commander in Viet Nam, was "busy as we can be trying to find solutions to our many problems. We're on a three-shift basis now, and with the coming good weather, we hope to add another shift, if we can stretch the days and nights." Two U.S. astronauts were busy with space: Commander Alan Shepard Jr. was readying as back-up man for this week's scheduled flight by Astronaut Gordon Cooper, and Lieut. Colonel John Glenn was taking up a station in the Pacific to help monitor the flight. Jacques Cousteau was working underwater in the Red Sea and felt that he could not surface long enough for a trip to New York.

Missouri's Painter Thomas Hart Benton had a longstanding date with several canoes. He wrote: "Last autumn after a canoe trip in the Ozarks, I asked an official of our Missouri State Conservation office to set me up a spring survey of our major clear water streams. As I initiated this venture, as canoes have been assembled at various points, guides and camp equipment hired and plans made for meetings with area groups, I cannot very well ask for a postponement."

# Tower of steel 70 stories high!

It's one of two main towers which stand like sentinels at the entrance to New York Harbor. Each tower soars upward 690 feet, about as high as a 70-story skyscraper. The towers will support four huge steel cables which in turn will hold up the 12-lane, double-deck roadway of New York's Verrazano-Narrows Bridge. When completed in late 1964, it will connect Staten Island with the Borough of Brooklyn.

This monumental bridge will have the world's longest suspended span—4,260 feet between towers. That's 60 feet longer than the Golden Gate Bridge, world's record holder ever since it was built by Bethlehem in 1937.

Steel, the backbone of bridges and buildings, is just as vital in bobby pins, bedsprings, automobile bodies, containers, and appliances. Much of this strong and economical steel comes from Bethlehem.

The Staten Island tower, built by Bethlehem, contains 27,000 tons of steel. Each tower is 90 feet taller than those of the Bethlehem-built George Washington Bridge, 17 miles to the north.

## BETHLEHEM STEEL



All ships entering New York Harbor will pass under the new bridge which is expected to carry 12.5 million motor vehicles in its first year of operation.

OWNER: Triborough Bridge and Tunnel Authority  
CONSULTING ENGINEER: Ammann & Whitney  
STEELWORK FABRICATION AND ERECTION: Bethlehem Steel





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way to get there  
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'63 Chevrolet Impala Sport Coupe

every respect, this is a quality car. It has new self-adjusting brakes to save you time and money; a new Delcotron generator to make your battery last longer; a new way to whip water and air through the rocker panels of its beautiful Body by Fisher to help remove rust-causing corrosives. And every 1963 Chevrolet has a more fully aluminized exhaust system to give

you added protection. We're not just talking about the luxurious Impala models, either. You get the same good things in our lower priced Bel Airs and Biscaynes. Ask your dealer for five minutes with one. They're *all* Chevrolets.

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*The make more people depend on*

# JET-SMOOTH CHEVROLET



"Who do you see about an original in the Chapeau Market?"  
 "Who does your husband see about business in the Common Market?"



Well, first you see Sabena, Europe's most helpful airline.

How helpful can a big airline be? Only Sabena jets daily non-stop to Brussels where business and pleasure in the Common Market countries begin. Only Sabena has Lady Sabena Clubs and special hostesses to help

you with your personal needs. Every Sabena office has English-speaking personnel who are local travel experts. They can help you with everything from shopping tips to business trips. Sabena with 40 years' international

airline experience flies you with more flights from Brussels to more cities than any other airline... 68 cities in Europe, Africa and the Middle East. Consult your Travel Agent or any of Sabena's 33 offices in North America.



# THE PRESS

## PRIZES

### Loser Take All

If Columbia University keeps plugging it may soon make the Pulitzer Prizes more valuable in the losing than the winning. Last year, after the Pulitzer Advisory Board unanimously chose W. A. Swannberg's *Citizen Hearst* for the \$200 biography award, Columbia's trustees vetoed the book—and sales spurted. Last week after a two-man screening jury recommended Edward Albee's *Who's Afraid of Virginia Woolf?* for the drama award, the Advisory Board decided to omit the prize. But with a New York Drama Critics Award and five Tonys (Broadway's Oscars) already on its mantel, *Virginia* probably got a bigger box-office boost by losing than by joining the 16 prizewinners.

**Bed & Booze.** The jurors, though, were loudly upset. "Farce," cried Critic John Mason Brown. "We've had enough," said Yale Drama Professor J. W. Gassner, who recalled that when he and Brown recommended Lillian Hellman's *Toys in the Attic* in 1960, it was jettisoned for the musical *Fiorello!* Both jurors quit.

Apparently, the play's preoccupation with bed and booze proved too much for some of the 14 Advisory Board members. "I thought it was a filthy play," said Chicago Tribune Editor William D. Maxwell, who spends part of his time back home scrubbing books "by dirty-fingered authors" from the Trib's weekly bestseller list. Washington Star Vice President Benjamin McKelway confessed that he rejected the play without having seen it.

**Safe & Solid.** Otherwise, the awards were what many a commentator termed "safe and solid"—and about as controversial as a seed catalogue. Posthumous prizes went to Physician-Poet William Carlos Williams for *Pictures from Bruegel* and to Novelist William Faulkner for *The Reivers* (his second Pulitzer). Other second-time winners: Composer Samuel Barber for *Piano Concerto No. 1*, and New York Timesman Anthony Lewis, winner of the \$1,000 national reporting prize for his Supreme Court coverage.

The rest of the winners: History: Constance McLaughlin Green's *Washington, Village and Capital, 1800-1878*; Biography: Leon Edel's two-volume continuation of his life of Henry James, *The Conquest of London and The Middle Years*; General nonfiction: Barbara W. Tuchman's *The Guns of August*; News photography: Hector Rondón of La República, Caracas; Cartoon: Frank Miller of the Des Moines Register; Editorial writing: Ira B. Harkey Jr. of the Pascagoula Miss. Chronicle; Local reporting not under deadline: Oscar O. Griffin Jr. of the Pecos, Texas, Independent and Enterprise; Local reporting under deadline: Sylvan Fox, Anthony Shannon and William Longgood of the New York World-Telegram and Sun; International reporting: Hal Hendrix of the Miami News Public Service; the Chicago Daily News.

## NEWSPAPERS

### Influence in Birmingham

"We ask you, sir," said the telegram to the President from Birmingham News Publisher Clarence B. Hanson Jr., "to use the influence of your office to end this open law violation and provocation [by Negroes]." All well and good. But how has the News used its influence since segregation tensions began mounting last month? By burying most stories of the situation on its inside pages. Last week after more than 2,000 rock-throwing Negroes clashed with hundreds of Alabama firemen, policemen and highway patrolmen in the worst melee of all, the News at last found room on Page One for a riot story. The headline: SYRIA IN SIXTH DAY OF RIOTING.

### Battle by the Bay

In his tenth-floor office in the old San Francisco Examiner Building, Randolph Apperson Hearst, president of Hearst Consolidated Publications, brooded last week over a set of nagging dilemmas. In the past six years Hearst's Examiner has boosted circulation 25% to 300,127, but it might just as well have stood still; in the same span, the rival Chronicle increased its sales 75% to a pace-setting 115,180. Last year the Examiner was several million advertising lines ahead of the Chronicle, but the Hearst operation in San Francisco, which includes the struggling News Call Bulletin, is still losing money.

**Toothbrush Wife.** Part of the answer lies in the dog-eat-dog nature of San Francisco newspapering—a situation that Randy's father, the late William Randolph Hearst, helped to create at the turn of the century when he made the Examiner his showcase and it cllobbered

all comers with its sensationalism. Since 1950 when the Chronicle overtook the Examiner for the first time, Hearst executives have laddled out a small fortune in a stern effort to regain the top spot in the town where the chief got his journalistic start.

The job will take some doing. Behind the austere facade of the Chronicle Building at Fifth and Mission, flamboyant Executive Editor Scott Newhall, 49, operates one of the wackiest circuses in modern U.S. journalism. Newhall boasts that the Chronicle subscribes to nearly every news service available, yet there is rarely much room for the sober celebrations served up by the London Times or the Manchester Guardian. Top priority goes to gamier stuff—the case of the "Toothbrush Wife" who tried to fry her husband by short-circuiting his electric toothbrush, a campaign to clothe naked animals, a scare-headline crime wave based on some scattered muggings and holdups.

It is a wonder that Newhall has room even for that sort of news. At last count the Chronicle was carrying no fewer than 51 columnists, ranging downward from Walter Lippmann to Count Marco, a no-count native of Pittsburgh whose real name is Marco Spinelli. In "Beauty and the Beast," Marco offers advice to females, mostly matrons interested in getting their husbands interested again, and once recommended: "Take a bath with your husband. . . . Step daintily into the bubble-filled tub. *Mon Dieu*, this is no time to bend over." Newest addition to the growing throng is Society Columnist Frances Moffatt, who after eleven years as chief chitchatterer for the Examiner, gave the paper notice one Monday and flounced off to a champagne reception at the Chronicle only three days later.

**Boob Audience.** Standout among the Chronicle's columnists is Veteran Herh Caen, 47, whose pieces in praise of his



HEARST'S HEARST



CHRONICLE WELCOMING SOCIETY EDITOR MOFFATT  
Who cares about Berlin?



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# DUNLOP

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beloved "Baghdad by the Bay" are credited by Newhall with drawing 35,000 extra readers. Caen defected in 1950, when the Examiner offered to double his \$15,000 salary, but he returned to the Chronicle eight years later for \$38,000. In the last 25 years more than a score of rivals have tried, and failed, to match his drawing power. The newest man to make the effort is Glasgow-born Bill Hall, 42, the Examiner's glib former Sunday editor, who unintentionally fast-talked himself into the job by complaining that the paper could not overtake the Chronicle without someone to rival Caen. "It's just like the Army," mused Hall afterward. "You complain about the food, so they make you mess officer." So far, Hall has failed to produce anything quite as tempting as Herb's *tripes à la mode de Caen*.

Despite the steady drain of funds caused by the San Francisco operation, Hearst accountants seem wary of swinging their well-boned axes on the late chief's favorite daily. But rumors periodically crop up that the News Call Bulletin, created in 1950 by a merger between the Hearst and Scripps-Howard afternoon papers, may be scheduled for demolition. If that happens, the Examiner will probably switch to afternoon publication. Hearst executives deny the rumors, but since William Randolph Hearst's death in 1951, they have never hesitated to loff off deadwood, so far have killed seven of the chain's 10 newspapers.<sup>9</sup>

In the meantime, the Examiner faces the prospect of chasing the fast-stepping Chronicle. "We shouldn't be fighting against the Chronicle," says Columnist Hall. "Sensationalism is not the answer. We don't have a boob audience, but we have lost the intellectuals. The other readers only want entertainment."

**So Much Swill.** The Chronicle gives them just that in great gobs, and if the paper is distressingly short on news, Editor Newhall can point to the rising graphs on circulation and advertising charts by way of self-justification. "We kid around a lot," says he, "and that drives a lot of intellectuals crazy. But we have to appeal to a wider group." Such as everybody who drinks coffee. To launch a recent five-part crusade aimed at coffee drinkers, the Chronicle splashed this double-decked, eight-column screedline, the kind normally reserved for declarations of war, across Page One:

THE TERRIBLE COFFEE  
IN S.F.'S RESTAURANTS

When somebody suggested that the whole series was so much swill, Newhall replied with a question: "Is coffee more important than Berlin?" He answered himself: "It is. Fifteen years from now, people will have forgotten what happened in Berlin on such and such a day, but they sure as hell won't have forgotten about coffee."

Next on the chopping block: the *American Weekly*, oldest of U.S. Sunday supplements, which once boasted a circulation of 10 million. The *Weekly* will bow out of its last nine outlets Sept. 1, and John Hay Whitney's *Parade* will replace it in four of them.

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# SHOW BUSINESS

## MOVIES

### Four on Location

A long time ago, wide-eyed youths were encouraged to join the Navy to see the world. But that idea is in Grandad Village now. The kind of crew to join today is a film crew. Of course, life on location is often a little out of focus.

• Near Dublin, the cast, crew, director, scenarists and flacks connected with filming Somerset Maugham's *Of Human Bondage* have been behaving as if they were making another version of the off-screen *Cleopatra*. Soon after shooting began a couple of months ago, Roderick Mann of London's Sunday Express arrived for an exclusive interview with Kim Novak—and that's what he got. He stopped taking notes and started holding hands with her at the races. "This is a very personal thing between Roddy and me," Kim tells Roddy's competitors.

Meanwhile, Director Henry Hathaway, 61, was telling Novak that she was "a silly bitch" and "a stupid cow." Novak went off to London and hid from reporters in her own reporter's pad, Hathaway quit. Actor-Scriptwriter Bryan Forbes quit, too. Laurence Harvey, who plays the young Maugham in the transparently autobiographical story, tried unsuccessfully to buy his way out, then went off to St. Jean-Cap-Ferrat to talk it over with the original Maugham. The two got along splendidly, so Harvey returned to Dublin with new faith in his high destiny. The producer hired a new director (Ken Hughes). Novak was coaxed back to Ireland, where she calls up Roddy Mann every other hour. With enough humans back in bondage, shooting of the film has begun again.

• In the Drakensberg Mountains of South Africa, a crew financed by mighty Joe

Levine is making *Zulu*. It concerns an incident which was a kind of Alamo in reverse—on Jan. 22, 1879, some 130 British soldiers stationed at a remote mission called Rorke's Drift successfully withstood an attack by 4,000 Zulus.

The South African government, eager to see new Hollywoods springing up out of the veld, is earnestly cooperating. It has supplied soldiers, giraffes, prop men, leopard, spears—everything but phalaropes. Director Cy Endeld also called on Dinizulu, paramount chief of the Zulus, and Dinizulu came through with 4,000 of his finest, plus a faultless selection of his most nubile maidens for a bare-breasted scene in which the Zulu warriors on the eve of battle are given the sort of send-off that might well cause 4,000 men to lose to 130.

The Zulus are cocky, freewheeling, and flamboyantly natural actors. They seem content with their basic \$17 a month. They charge in sweating, shining waves with rawhide shields and high-horned spears. They all but shout to one another. "Don't fire until you see the whites."

At night, to keep them out of mischief the producers show them movies.

• In Manhattan, Playwright Dore Schary is directing a film version of *Act One*, the autobiography of Schary's old friend the late Moss Hart. George Hamilton is playing young Moss; Jason Robards Jr. is Hart's lifelong collaborator George S. Kaufman, with whom Hart wrote *The Man Who Came to Dinner*.

Early in their relationship, Hart attended a memorable cocktail party (full of Kaufman's flashing friends, people like Robert Benchley, Heywood Broun, Helen Hayes). To populate that party on film Schary's casting directors sifted the city trying to find just the right faces. In Bloomingdale, for example, they found Helen Hayes. Her name is Virginia Goode. She is a model. She rubs Vicks Vapo-Rub into infants' chests in television commercials.

They spotted Robert Benchley walking

briskly through Rockefeller Center, but the man was not amused by his chance of a lifetime. "I am an investment banker," he said imperially. So the movie had to settle for Benchley's son, Nathaniel. In the Seventh Avenue garment district, they found Heywood Broun. His real name is Joe Derner. He makes mink coats. When he arrived on the set he tried to sell a full-length natural to Schary.

One guest after another, the party grew, with new Ethel Barrymores and new Katharine Cornells emerging from every other subway car. Last week, Schary shot the scene. It was a meltproof Madame Tussaud's.

• Ian Fleming's *From Russia, With Love* is being shot in Istanbul. The essential plot can be summarized in a few words: The Russians are trying to kill British Secret Agent James Bond. The other essential is his-some Daniela Bianchi, once a Miss Universe runner-up and now a Russian agent getting ready to lift her iron skirt and defect for the love of Bond.

Turkish crowds are so interested in following the progress of the shooting that they have nearly choked it dead. They pay no attention when asked to keep quiet, and even swarm in front of the cameras. To get some scenes shot, Director Terence Young has to stage noisy fake scenes near by, complete with wailing fire trucks and stunt men on high ledges, to decoy the Turks away from the real action.

The crowds were even there one day at 1 a.m., last week to see Bond shoot a Russian coming out of Anita Ekberg's mouth, Va. va—her mouth. As in *Boccaccio '70* Ekberg is featured on a huge outdoor advertising poster, this one plugging Ekberg and Bob Hope in *Call Me Bwana*, which happens to have been made by the producers of the Bond film. Her mouth is a trap door. The Russian crawls out and gets a lead filling.

Bond is again played by Actor Sean Connery, Author Fleming all but hand-picked him for his Bondish scar on one cheek and his dark, tough, and handsome looks. The two of them sit around he-



CONNERY & BIANCHI IN "RUSSIA"



ROBARDS (CENTER) & HAMILTON (RIGHT) IN "ACT ONE"  
Hart was meltproof wax and humane back in bondage.



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tween takes sipping viscous coffee and devising fresh ways to avoid paying taxes. Connerly says he won't continue to play *Blond* for more than seven years because he is afraid of getting typed.

## TELEVISION

### Where the Action Is

There is no telling how far or to what trouble a vigorous TV producer will go to get a show, but this week ABC's *Wide World of Sports* (Sat., 5-6:30 p.m. E.D.T.) will present a program that sets a record of some sort. Having heard that the trout were biting in the Andes, *Wide World* packed its waders and took off for Patagonia. They drove two Jeeps and two trucks across the rising pampas to a 7,000-ft.-high lake more than 200 miles from the nearest telephone.

Both in and out, it was a tough commute. A Jeep steering wheel came off. The Jeep dove into a gorge and had to be repaired with Scotch tape and fishing pliers. The governments of both Argentina and Chile, deciding that this was really a smuggling expedition, sent police along to make sure that dry flies were the only things being cast across the border.

But the trouble was worth it. The scenery was a magnificence of circumvallate mountains. The water in the lake was as clear as window glass. The trout are so big that all but the best fishermen would have to use construction cranes instead of the usual lightweight rods. ABC had the best fishermen, two from the U.S. and two from Argentina.

The fishermen themselves do the talking, passing out friendly tips to the chairborne clods at home (wade like a saint Indian, watch your shadow, keep your hooks sharp). One man, using what looks like two-ton test line, demonstrates his fantastic casting skill by flicking successfully into a 20-m.p.h. gale.

Much of this will bore many people; but, of greater importance, it will not embarrass fishermen. That is why ABC's *Wide World of Sports* is two years old and headed into long life: it has always taken any sporting moment as seriously as the participants themselves.

Almost any sport is exciting if understood from the sportsman's point of view. *Wide World* has proved this with programs on dog-sled races, judo and Australian-rules football. The show's interests are only partly eccentric, however; most of its attention goes to the American standards—football, basketball, baseball, track, swimming, and so on. It uses blimps and helicopters to film events like auto races—blimps to show the overall field and helicopters to swoop down and give an idea of the speed of the cars. It uses Aqua-Lungs to get under competitive swimmers and shoot them from the only angle that really shows their styles and turns. It has even adapted missile-tracking devices as one way to keep a camera trained on a sky diver falling at the m.p.h. And always, in any sport, the commentary is by an expert—a Stirling Moss, an Arnold Palmer, or an Art Devlin.



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## RELIGION

### WORSHIP

#### Against Glossolalia

In 2,500 measured, courteous and utterly lucid words, Episcopal Bishop James A. Pike last week denounced the excesses of glossolalia, the prayer practice in which the worshiper's tongue wags on and on in what seems like gibberish to skeptics. Once chiefly confined to members of pentecostal denominations, glossolalia has lately gained hundreds of adherents among Episcopalians, Presbyterians, Baptists, and even Yale students (TIME, March 20). To practitioners, "speaking in tongues" is good for ending alcoholism, repairing broken marriages and furthering the work of Christ. To California's Bishop Pike, it is "heresy in embryo" when there is an overemphasis on one form of worship. In a pastoral letter read to 125 congregations, he directed the clergy not to propagate glossolalia and cautioned laymen to avoid its practice.

"This particular phenomenon," Pike argued, "has reached a point where it is dangerous to the peace and unity of the church and a threat to sound doctrine and policy." He warned that not enough is known about glossolalia's psychological causes and effects, added ominously that "in more extreme forms it is associated with schizophrenia." Yet he conceded that his warning came only "after considerable wrestling of the spirit." Last year while he was confirming new members at the Holy Innocents' parish in Corte Madera, the clergy and congregation burst into spontaneous song. "*Dyoso ki-yeno mayashi yekatonu mati yano ma yendu va kotani masiki*," Pike was perturbed, but he waited to consult a diocesan commission—including a theologian, two psychiatrists, and a parish priest who practices glossolalia—which is preparing a scholarly report on the subject. Then he held his tongue no more.

### PROTESTANTS

#### Baptist Division

Conservatives among Southern Baptists deeply fear that questioning the literal truth of the Bible will kill their church by scriptural anemia; liberals deeply fear that clinging to the literal Bible will make their church wither and die of a quaint unreality. Last week in Kansas City, 12,670 "messengers" to the annual assembly of the 10,000,000-member church reflected this split by electing a conservative president and passing a string of liberally oriented resolutions.

Front-runner, as the assembly opened was the Rev. Carl Bates of Charlotte, N.C., who seemed to have doubts about the oldtime conservative religion: "Laymen have a sneaking suspicion that the Kingdom of God is more than ushering on Sundays." He agreed to be nominated then suddenly withdrew his candidacy. His reason: he had searched his heart and found that God willed it.



PRESIDENT-ELECT WHITE  
What if not the Word?

That left the way clear for a crusading conservative, the Rev. K. Owen White, 60, a Houston pastor and president of the Baptist General Convention of Texas. He won by a scant 157 votes out of more than 8,000 cast over a little-known, third-choice moderate. White was the engineer of the 1962 convention's repudiation of liberal scholarship in Baptist seminaries. Focus of his attack was a book called *The Message of Genesis*, by ousted Seminary Professor Ralph Elliott (TIME, Nov. 9), which cautiously asserted that parts of the Old Testament's first book were symbolic rather than 100% literal truth. "The average man cares nothing about modern theological trends, but he knows he has problems in his heart," White said. "What shall we preach, if we do not preach the Word? This is no day for raising questions concerning the reliability and authority of God's word."

Despite White's victory, the messengers thwarted other conservative hopes. In the first Statement of Faith since 1925, the convention roared approval of a paragraph supporting academic freedom in Baptist schools, approved another phrase speaking of the church as embracing "all of the redeemed of all ages," which conservatives considered too ecumenical in nature. They shunned a resolution to censure the Kansas City's Midwestern Baptist Theological Seminary, where Elliott had taught.

The consensus was that the split was painful and perhaps profoundly damaging. Said the Rev. Jess Moody of West Palm Beach, Fla., a popular orator of TV fame: "The biggest issue is not all this ecclesiastical falderal. History may record that America died because its spiritual wellsprings dried up, due to the fact the churches were fighting over the wrong issues. The gut issue is what the church will do to keep John, Mary, Billy and Susie Doe lashed to the Cross and made into happy servants of the Lord Christ."



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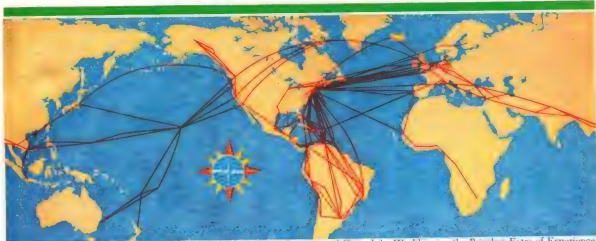
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## THE THEATER

### In the Land of Hiawatha

The building, designed by Architect Ralph Rapson, looks as if Henry Moore had been doodling on it with a jigsaw. Through the holes of the outer façade peeks a structure drawn with a Mondrian ruler in a rectilinear austerity of charcoal grey, white and glass. Suspended over the stairs and lobbies are globes of light, a child's army of upside-down lollipops.

The stage itself juts forward like a mammoth home plate with a blunted tip while a rear portico of four columns supports an upper platform. Around this arena stage sweeps a C-arc of 200°, some tiers of the 1,437 seats rising as steeply as bleachers, others sloping more conventionally, none more than 52 ft. from the playing stage. The seats come in twelve shades of color. Above hover the scattered grey clouds of the acoustical panels, some of which house the spots that stab the stage with light.

Minneapolis' Tyrone Guthrie Theater Midwestern home of a repertory company exclusively committed to the dramatic classics, is a token of light: the light of ever quickening U.S. cultural interest, and the light of a theater seeking its better self far from Broadway's glaringly commercial White Way. Two questing Manhattan producers, Oliver Rea and Peter Zeisler, along with Tyrone Guthrie, were drawn to Minneapolis as a city immune to Broadway's manic-depressive boom-or-bust psychology. Guthrie, a restless-inventive director, had already been the chief architect of Stratford, Ontario's successful festival. The trio found a fervent ally and a doggedly gifted fund raiser in Minneapolis Editor John Cowles Jr. Prophesied Guthrie, who carries his 6-ft. 5-in. frame like a queen's grenadier guard in mufti: "Minn will come through!"

Minn did. The T. B. Walker Foundation donated the land and a grant of \$400,000. The Ford Foundation added

\$337,000. A Sunday school class in Mankato, Minn., sent 37¢. Out of a pyramid of effort, a \$2,250,000 theater was born. To keep it alive for a four-play, May through mid-September season costs \$660,000. Already \$331,150 has been raised in advance sales.

What is the value of a classical repertory theater? In Guthrie's view, it offers playgoers the chance to see "American expressions of the human spirit." As for actors: "How can actors develop other than personality cults if they don't measure themselves against the past?"

How stiff a standard that is and how long it will take for U.S. actors to measure up to it were swiftly revealed on opening night. Director Guthrie elected to do an uncut *Hamlet* in modern dress, and he provided some of the eye-catchers that make purists accuse him of being a theatrical prankster: mourners with black umbrellas at Ophelia's burial; a Laertes who waves a revolver in Claudius' face and a Claudius who gets the revolver and slyly pockets the cartridges, like a silent-movie badman. If Guthrie seems to scramble his props, mixing candles with flashlights, snap-brim fedoras with Kaiser Wilhelm helmets, it may be that he means to suggest the wild and whirling confusion of Hamlet's brain, the visible signs of time uncontrollably out of joint.

But apparently even the most forceful director can control only the circumference of *Hamlet* and never its center. The decisive tone and quality of the play comes from the actor who plays the title part. Before rehearsals began, Guthrie hoped to have George Grizzard reveal "something naked of the human condition. I've got to get him to take off his clothes." He failed. Grizzard is a buttoned-up Hamlet in a buttoned-down shirt, a bland suburbanite puzzled by the mess he is in, but with no hint of being the terrible plaything of destiny. He is the nice boy who always got good marks



OPENING NIGHT AT TYRONE GUTHRIE THEATER  
Far from the Great White Way, a token of light.



GRIZZARD'S HAMLET





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at Wittenberg U., never dented the family convertible, was engaged to that sweet Ophelia girl next door, and then inexplicably got his name splashed all over the tabloids by his revolting behavior toward his mother and girl friend, not to mention that gory mass-murder spree. One can hear the neighbors saying, "Hamlet was always such a polite, quiet boy. I'll never understand why he did it."

This uncomprehending performance reflects the fact that George Grizzard has not thought out his answer to the Hamlet Problem—why Hamlet waits so long to kill the king. While the Hamlet Problem, like Hamlet, defies augury, or certain solution, one pivotal surmise may be made. Hamlet knows the code of his society—revenge of a father's murder—but he does not instinctively feel it. He is agonized by not feeling it, tormented by the paralysis of being in which the heart's purpose is blunted by the mind's doubts. He self-consciously flogs his will to take the place of his instincts ("Oh, what a rogue and peasant slave am I!"). His delay intensifies his guilt; his guilt mounts to anguish, and his anguish drives him to the far edge of sanity. The moment-to-moment danger, tension and exhilaration of the play is not that Hamlet will kill the king, but that he will lose his reason. His silent plea is Lear's spoken "Oh, let me not be mad, not mad, sweet heaven." By insisting on being cool and levelheaded, Grizzard removes the nervous-system of the play: by insisting that Hamlet be normal, he makes the one demand that the most complex character in English drama cannot meet.

*The Miser*, by Molière, the Guthrie troupe's second offering, almost visibly chased away the lingering ghost of a sad Hamlet. Director Douglas Campbell has made a stylized harlequinade of Molière's comedy of avarice with curtsying dances and puckish pratfalls. Halloween masks and wopsical hats. It is more a costume ball than a play, and it stresses what is sheen-deep in Molière's wit rather than what is skinfinty.

Still, in a glancing way, the master French comic moralist's point does get made—that a sin is called deadly because it deadens. Mock-Hero Harpagon (Hume Cronyn) is dead to his children's hope of love, dead to his servants' grievances, dead to any generous stirrings of heart or mind. He counts the world well lost for money. Skittering about like a drunken sandpiper, Hume Cronyn is a dizzy delight. His Harpagon is a sprite of the cashbox, an imp of interest rates (a tooth-clacking, raggedy-clocked, stringy-haired, sciatras-plagued witch of usury). As a syrup-tongued matchmaker, Zoe Caldwell steals laughs from Cronyn, and is the yeasty comic find of the company.

Obviously, the Guthrie troupe is off to a brave rather than a great start. If a Hamlet of this caliber were to open on Broadway, it would close on Saturday, and a slight Molière farce would fare only slightly better. But that is to forget that Shakespeare and Molière can rarely be seen on Broadway at all, and there lies the moral and marvel of Minneapolis.

“...they’re going to win,  
but they aren’t going to school  
with my children.”

Those are the words of a Birmingham garage worker. A sales clerk says: “I’m not in favor of Bull Connor and his dogs.” A management trainee says: “I guess if I were in their shoes I might do the same thing.”

And a Birmingham engineer says: “A few weeks ago, I wouldn’t have thought a thing about walking down a street in the colored area alone, but I sure as hell wouldn’t do it now.”

This week’s LIFE brings home with stunning impact the enormity of the Birmingham situation. LIFE writes: “The pictures on these 11 pages are frightening . . . especially frightening because the gulf between black and white is here visibly deepened.” Close-up photographs transmit the sense of the Birmingham conflict . . . the smoldering hatred of the Negroes . . . the violence of the fire hoses . . . the savagery of the guard dogs.

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# ART

STANFORD WHITE: ARTIST'S CONCEPTION



WHITE'S "COVERED BRIDGE"  
Inspiration from the Hudson River Valley.

## An Architect's Art

Stanford White sketched before he could spell his name, painted with lyric proficiency before he was out of his early teens. But Artist John La Farge (who claimed that he diverted Henry James from painting to writing) advised White that his bent was not for art but architecture; more money in it, too, and recognition. Architect White won both, designing such famed monuments as Manhattan's Washington Arch, Madison Square Presbyterian Church, the Century and Metropolitan Clubs, and many of the buildings of New York University. But whenever he had an available moment, in summer trips through the Hudson River Valley and even during his honeymoon in Europe, Stanford White found time to draw.

Sometimes his sketches were nothing more than a two-line remembrance of the way a bit of hill met the sky or the strange slant to a tenement roof; often they were more explicit, recording texture and light as well as line, color as well as shape. By the time of his death in 1906, White had done well over a thousand drawings and watercolors; 40 of them were on view last week at Manhattan's Davis Galleries, exquisite if minor testaments to a major architect's first great love.

A few are landscapes—simple stretches of rivers and mountains, with nothing more architectural to them than an occasional bridge or a range of steps—and to them White lent the best of his sense of color. White's skies, like Turner's, open on a sudden drenching spectrum, but, unlike Turner, the colors are never more than mute. White's palette, even at its rawest, never offered an indelicate hue; violet was his moodiest color.

Most of his subjects were not plains but buildings; whatever the structure, White approached it with a painter's eye for the play of shadow and the effect of shape upon varying shape, seemingly as concerned with pictorial content as he was with underlying architecture. White's

buildings were of course constructed from the most detailed blueprints, but they often appear as though he had rubbed a lamp, pointed to a drawing, and told the djinni to build just that.

## Stamp Act

The usually traditional U.S. Post Office Department last week recognized the existence of contemporary art. To Uruguayan-born Artist Antonio Frasconi, 44, went the department's \$500 prize for his winning entry in a contest to pick a stamp to commemorate the 100th anniversary of the National Academy of Sciences.

Other nations prize art on stamps; Mexico has for decades used striking and sometimes beautiful work. But only with Postmaster General J. Edward Day has the U.S. strayed so radically from the more usual practice of using the department's own generally competent, occasionally torpid designers; in 1961 the department reproduced a painting by Frederic Remington and in 1962 one by Winslow Homer. National Gallery Director John Walker persuaded Day to try a live artist this year, got *Art News* magazine to give \$500 to each of the contestants chosen to enter. The five artists—Buckminster Fuller, Herbert Bayer, Josef Albers, Bradbury Thompson and Frasconi—were brought to the capital for a tour of the Bureau of Engraving and Printing to learn the limitations of the department's presses. They submitted a total of

14 entries, all designs intended to put the abstract theme of science in accurate and artistic context. To Winner Frasconi, chosen by a three-man committee after four hours of deliberation, goes not only an additional \$500 but also the distinction of seeing his work reprinted 120 million times next fall; for a man best known as a printmaker, with editions limited to 40 or 50, this may be a unique ordeal.

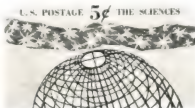
## Grandada

Hemingway took him to the boxing matches; Duchamp beat him at chess. Brancusi entertained him by playing the violin. Cocteau by a drum recital. Gertrude Stein by letting Alice B. Toklas cook him lunch. And this was fit tribute to the wiry young expatriate American who not only made artful photographs of his Paris friends but also created a series of "objects"—tacks fastened to a flatiron, a picture of the human eye to a metronome—that shook the salons of the '20s with cries of ecstasy and reverence. Yet Man Ray wanted fame as a painter, not as a photographer or constructor, and he spent decades trying to win it. The current exhibition of his paintings at Manhattan's Currier & Ives Gallery shows that his very genius—his gifts of invention and humor—barred him from becoming an artist of serious value.

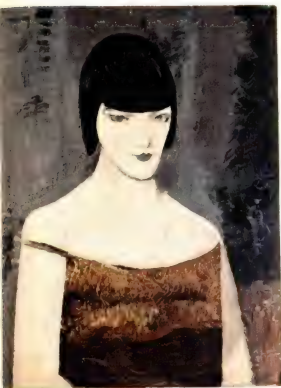
Over the years, Ray adopted whatever ism was the going one at the time, adding to each a fast-growing repertoire of stock techniques: the placement of the curious (whether an object, texture or color) next to the ordinary, the abrupt disordering of space, an almost mannerist play of light. He jumped like a child at hopscotch from Fauvism to cubism to Dadaism to surrealism, but it was Dada that shaped him most. He was one of the few American members of the original school, and for him it never really died; his determined disrespect for the materials of art and deep attention to the ideas that art can shape lend the current collection its saving measure of excitement.

In *Optical Hopes and Illusions*, bicycle riders ride cross-canvas to turn into eye-glances. *Electrica* seems nothing more than a row of bright blue buildings, ends up spelling out its title. *Making the Fur Fly*, Ray's homage to Georges Braque, glues a bird-shaped piece of pelt on a solid background. *Signature* looks to be a single building, but at the proper distance its doors and windows spell the artist's name and its eaves the date.

Jokes all, they are, and technically indebted to other painters. *Rumple Hills* owes flagrant credit to Franz Marc. *Le Pont Neuf* to Giorgio de Chirico. *Kiki* to Modigliani, others to Braque, Léger, Picasso and Magritte. Yet they have much beyond mockery that is their own: enough original sensitivity and so abundant a measure of spontaneity that it almost begins not to matter that the method is imprecise or the execution slapdash. There is gimmickry in the world, says Man Ray, and it takes a thousand vital shapes. At 72, he holds to his course, which is to record the puns and anagrams of everyday life.

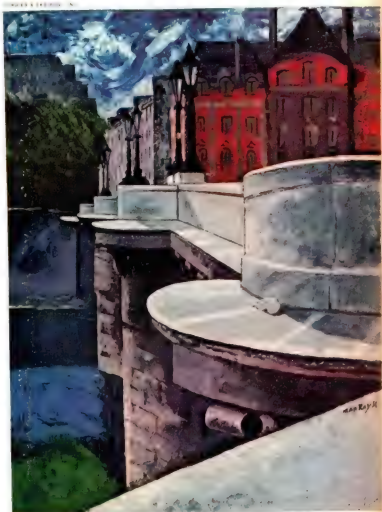


FRASCONI'S WINNER  
A precedent from Mexico.



LADYLIKE PORTRAIT of Kiki, saucy and popular Paris model in days just after World War I, was done in 1923 during artist's and model's romance.

## MAN RAY: Nostalgic Retrospective



"LE PONT NEUF," painted in 1954 with hint of surrealist perspective and dramatic highlighting.

catches the delight and surprise of architecture of Paris where Artist Ray has worked since Dada days.







DANTE'S HELL BY GEORGE GROSZ

## THERAPY

### Relief of Pain

The operation for breast cancer appeared to have been successful, but the patient developed unbearable pain in her right arm. Some of the many doctors she consulted were convinced that her cancer must have recurred—but they could not find it. Others blamed her pain on an emotional ("hysterical") reaction—but they could not help her either. Still, the woman was more fortunate than most people who have severe, unyielding pain: she was able to go to the University of Washington's pain clinic in Seattle. There, a team of experts found that her arm nerves had been scarred by "cobalt-bomb" radiation after surgery. The pain was relieved by alcohol injections that killed the affected nerves.

The case was one more reminder that finding an effective treatment for pain can become one of the most difficult problems of medicine. Even after doctors have done their best in dealing with an injury or a disease, the patient may still suffer pain so severe and persistent that it dominates his life and distorts his personality. Sometimes the pain persists because the disease itself is incurable. Often there is no disease at all, and the pain is in the mind. But either way, even the wisest of physicians cannot handle many cases of intractable pain by himself. Diagnosis is too tricky, and some of the medical and surgical techniques for treatment are beyond him.

**Little Bit, Big Stride.** At the Seattle clinic, Dr. John J. Bonica and Dr. Lowell White have collected all available data on the causes of pain and the treatments for it. And to make sure that the patient who needs an unusual treatment can get it, a team of specialists in anesthesiology, neurosurgery, radiation treatment, psychiatry (physical medicine), orthopedics and psychology has been assembled. Sometimes, only two or three of these physicians have to be called in to diagnose a case of stubbornly resistant pain and to

## MEDICINE



SPECIALISTS AT SEATTLE CLINIC\*  
How much is real?

lay out a course of treatment. But for the toughest cases, the whole group meets to thresh them out.

"The management of pain is time-consuming and frustrating," says Dr. Bonica. "It may take a week or ten days just to get a diagnosis. Treatment is likely to be slow, especially if it is psychotherapy. And not all the patients can be cured. But if we can help half of them, and relieve the pain of the others even a little bit, it is a great stride forward."

Most obvious candidates for the pain clinic's exhaustive care are victims of cancer. Anesthesiologist Bonica points out that many of the 200,000 Americans a year who die of cancer spend their last few days, weeks or months in agony. But they are by no means the only ones who suffer. Back injuries, fractures, some kinds of sprains, bursitis and a variety of other arthritic disorders, muscular rheumatism, kidney stones and diseases of the pancreas and gall bladder can all cause disabling pain.

**Body & Mind.** Treatments are as varied as causes, says Dr. Bonica. Barbiturates have their place; so have the narcotics, though these are so easy to use that they are often misused. For some pains, the prescription is heat. For others, cold. For some, exercise. For others, X rays. And for many of the most severe cases, the only treatment is an operation on a nerve to cut the pathways by which sensations are transmitted to the brain. Some treatments are only temporary "nerve blocks." In others, nerves have to be completely severed by the neurosurgeon's knife.

With every patient, the pain-clinic team has to answer two basic questions. How much of the unbearable pain is really the physical sensation, the pain itself? How much of it is reaction to the pain, a far more complex and elusive psychophysiological process? These are questions, says Dr. Bonica, that many more medical men should be asking themselves. But in all the U.S., there are only two or three clinics like Seattle's. There should be many more, says Dr. Bonica—at least one in every major medical center—because pain is the common denominator in virtually all human ills.

## REHABILITATION

### Return from the Womb

Jerome Meyer was 37, and greying at the temples, but he was curled up like a fetus, with his knees locked against his chest, his arms curled around his knees. He had to be spoon-fed and diapered by his mother, who wheeled him around in a barrow that served as an oversize perambulator. Unlike the normal baby of which he was a gross and ghastly caricature, Meyer could not even crawl. He was like that for 22 years—until late last year, when he was wheeled into Minneapolis' Kenny Rehabilitation Institute.†

Jerome Meyer's story might have been invented as an illustrative example for a textbook of Freudian psychology. Only child of a dirt-poor couple in backwoods

\* From left: Anesthesiologist William F. Kennedy Jr., Neurosurgeon Lowell E. White Jr., Anesthesiologist John J. Bonica, Radiologist Robert G. Parker, Orthopedic Surgeon D. Kay Clawson, Psychiatrist Herbert H. Ripley, Surgeon John K. Stevenson

† A rehabilitation center named for the late Nursing Sister Elizabeth Kenny, who devised active treatments to restore polio-crippled limbs.



DR. PRICE & PATIENT MEYER  
Mother faked him as he was.

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northern Wisconsin. Jerome was none too bright, but otherwise little different from neighboring children until he was 15. Then his parents sent him to live on an uncle's farm so that he would be closer to school. Almost at once, Jerome began coughing so much he was taken to a hospital. But he was soon released. Then he drew his knees up and nobody could straighten him out. Mary Meyer quickly reclaimed her crippled darling and devoted her life to caring for him. Jerome's father, Vincent, a sometime carpenter, did his part by making a wooden cart in which the boy could be wheeled around.

"This Big Lug." For two decades, the three Meyers acted out their self-imposed roles. Then Vincent Meyer died. Mary Meyer moved to Rice Lake, lived on welfare and her husband's World War I veteran's pension, and told the neighbors that Jerome had had polio. One day, aging and herself infirm, she trundled Jerome into the Rice Lake office of Dr. James F. Maser. She thought her son was amemic.

"He sure wasn't amemic," says Dr. Maser. "and we didn't think much of the polio story. And with this big lug lying around on that cart, everybody felt sorry for his poor little hunchbacked mother." It took welfare officials a long time to persuade Mrs. Meyer that Jerome should go to the Kenny Institute.

With warm baths and painful stretching exercises, the physical therapists managed to loosen Jerome's limbs a little. But not until after a psychiatrist had hypnotized Meyer did his knees unlock; even then they stayed in a 90° bend. By this time, the doctors were sure that Meyer's original troubles had been emotional. The spasms that had huddled him into helplessness 22 years before were his unconscious solution to the shock of being removed from his mother's protectiveness. They were the closest he could come to a "return to the womb," and guaranteed him against ever again being expelled.

**Faith in What?** After Jerome Meyer learned to scoot up and down the institute's corridors in his wheelchair, it was time for corrective surgery. But Mrs. Meyer protested: "We don't believe in surgery. We believe in faith healing." The statement did not ring true. Mary Meyer was a Roman Catholic, and to Kenny psychologists she was really saying that she wanted to keep Jerome as a helpless baby. She had told them: "I like him just the way he is." With the help of priests-doctors of her own faith persuaded Mary Meyer to approve the operations that Jerome needed.

Fortnight ago, Orthopedic Surgeon Wesley Burnham spent three hours at St. Barnabas' Hospital, lengthening tendons at the hips and knees that had been shrunk by long disuse. It is almost certain, Dr. Mary Price says now, that after two or three months of more physical therapy Meyer will walk again. The man who spent more than half his life as a baby may yet be able to take a job in a sheltered workshop. If so, he will cut the umbilical cord and his mother's apron strings at the same time.



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## SPORT

### GOLF

#### More Jack for Jack

"A man wants to improve at anything he does," said Jack Nicklaus. "And I'm certainly not doing my best."

It was the sort of sincere, sensible thing any young man might say if he was just 23 and had practically his whole life ahead of him. But coming from Nicklaus, it sent a surge of dismay through the battle-scarred ranks of golf's professionals. In the space of eleven short months, Jack ("Baby Beef") Nicklaus has won the U.S. Open (prize: \$15,000), the World Series of Golf (\$50,000), the Seattle Open (\$4,300), the Portland Open (\$3,500), the Palm Springs Golf Classic (\$9,000), and the Masters (\$20,000). He has collected a paycheck in all but two of the 37 professional tournaments he has entered, and he has finished among the top ten in 24. Last week, in the Las Vegas Tournament of Champions, Jack Nicklaus—doggone him anyway—got richer still.

Ah, but the way he did it. On opening day at the 7,073-yd. Desert Inn Country Club course, his second tee shot strayed from the fairway and conked a spectator on the head. That rattled the spectator. Not Jack. He paused briefly to comfort the injured bystander, drilled an iron to the green and neatly two-putted for a birdie four. He then birdied five of the next twelve holes, bogeyed only once and clomped up to the 15th, a 501-yd. dog-leg left, with six under par on his scorecard. A drive like a German 88 carried him 303 yds. down the fairway; a crisp No. 4 iron nicked the green—and a curling 35-ft. putt plunked in the cup for an eagle three. Score for the day: a record eight-under-par 64 that gave him a two-stroke lead



WORLD TOPPER WHITTAKER

### MOUNTAIN CLIMBING

"Yes, I Will"

The letters formed an elegant chronicle of hope and hardship, ambition and anguish, written by a plain man who looked only up. In the moonlight, Jim Whittaker wrote to his mother, "this is the most beautiful mountain in the world." "Onward and upward," he wrote to his brother, despite his sorrow at the death of a fellow climber. "I've been an individual enough of my life," he wrote to his wife, Blanche. "The important thing is that someone makes it. I'll be happy to go as high as I can or as high as I am permitted to go—either one." Last week his family the U.S. and the world learned that James Warren Whittaker, 34, had gone as high as a man can and still cling to earth. From Katmandu, Nepal, came word that it was Whittaker, together with a Sherpa guide named Nwang Gombu,<sup>2</sup> who planted a U.S. flag at the summit of Mount Everest on May 1.

**The Best in a Person.** Manager of a Seattle store that sells mountaineering equipment, towering 16 ft. 5 in., 210 lbs., Jim Whittaker started climbing as a Boy Scout in the early 1940s. By the time he and his twin brother Lou were in high school, they were expert enough to join Seattle's Mountain Rescue Council. The twins spent college summers guiding foot-sore tourists up the steep slopes of 14,408-ft. Mount Rainier; in all, they scaled Rainier something like 70 times. Three



WIFF BLANCHE & KIDS  
A miracle.

years ago, Jim and Lou were members of an ill-fated expedition that got stranded for four days on Alaska's 20,320-ft. Mount McKinley when one of the climbers slipped and pulled the others (who were roped to him) down a steep slope; only the Whittakers' superb physical condition and mountaineering skill pulled them through. "Mountain climbing brings out the best in a person," Jim Whittaker insisted. "It forces him to try to get something normally beyond his reach." Examined by a psychologist before they left for Nepal, each member of the U.S. Everest expedition was asked the same pointed question: "Will you get to the top?" Most of the men said, "I certainly hope so" or "I'll do my best." Said Jim Whittaker: "Yes, I will."

He did—but he lost 30 lbs. during the six-week-long climb. On the final day, the temperature was a numbing -30°F. Gale-force winds lashed Everest's face as Whittaker and Gombu said goodbye to Expedition Leader Norman Dyhrenfurth at 28,100 ft. and began to work their way to the summit, 928 ft. above. It was, said Dyhrenfurth, "a miracle" that the two men made it. Whittaker and Gombu stayed at the summit 30 minutes, enjoying the view (they could pick out Rongbuk Monastery, 11,000 ft. below) and snapping photos to authenticate their ascent. Then they went back down to tell Dyhrenfurth the news.

**Bound to Change.** At week's end the final chapter of the Everest climb was being written. Two other U.S. assault teams were on the mountain. One eleven-man squad was struggling toward the summit by way of Everest's West Ridge—a route that has never been attempted before. Another four-man team was trying to retrace Whittaker's path up the South Col. But to Jim Whittaker belonged the honor of being the first American ever to set foot on the top of the world. "Some change will come out of all this," said his wife last week. "I can't imagine Jim going to work and coming home again and having dinner on the porch, just like before."



GOLFER NICKLAUS  
A cash register.

<sup>1</sup> A nephew of Tenzing Norgay, the famous Sherpa who accompanied Sir Edmund Hillary on the first successful Everest ascent in 1953.



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seeping it down through 10 feet of rick-burned, hard maple charcoal. And these men can tell you that calls for a lot of Tennessee whiskey trees.



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over Defending Champion Arnold Palmer.

Nobody got any closer. Over the next three days, Nicklaus shot rounds of 68, 72 and 69; he had only one three-putt green in the entire tournament, and his 72-hole total of 273 was five strokes better than those of Runners-up Palmer and Tony Lema, not to mention 15 strokes better than par. The victory was worth \$13,000 in silver dollars, which swelled his 1963 winnings to \$52,715 (v. \$32,496 for Lema, \$31,375 for Palmer). Then it was off to the Colonial National Invitation at Fort Worth, where the winner's purse is \$12,000. Naturally, Texas oddsmakers made him a 4 to 1 favorite.

## BASEBALL

### Attaboy, Gramps!

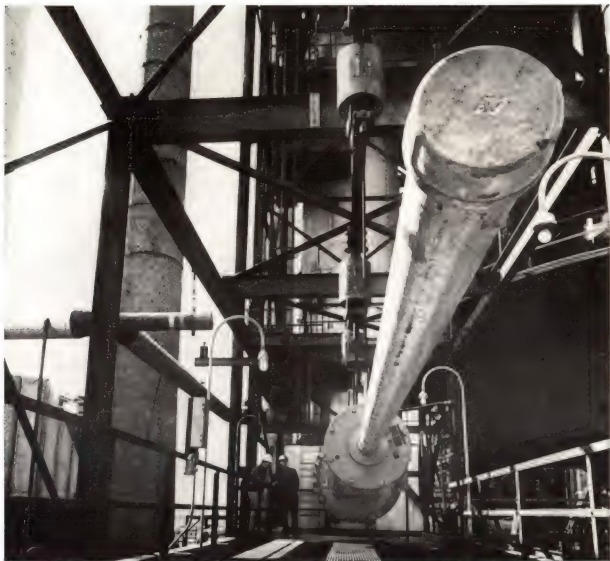
A lot of ballplayers have their grandparents rooting for them. It will not be long before Stanley Frank Musial can spot his grandchildren in the stands. At 42, the St. Louis Cardinal outfielder is the



SLUGGER MUSIAL  
A statistic.

oldest active player in the major leagues: he has a 23-year-old son (who plans a career in business or the Army instead of baseball) and a daughter-in-law who is expecting a baby in August. But Stan the Man is not quite ready for the rocking chair.

Under the lights in St. Louis last week, Musial abruptly uncoiled from his corkscrew stance, stepped into a pitch thrown by the Dodgers' Bob Miller, and cracked it into the Busch Stadium bleachers. It was his 46th home run, and together with 717 doubles and 175 triples, it gave him a lifetime total of 1,357 extra-base hits—breaking Babe Ruth's all-time record. After 21 seasons in the majors, Musial holds or shares 55 records in all, including National League marks for most games played (2,923), most times at bat (10,699), most base hits (3,459), most total bases (6,021). He is a three-time Most Valuable Player, has played in 23 All-Star games, and his lifetime batting average (.333) is the best in the big leagues. Only the Hall of Fame awaits.



World's largest two-port slide valve, engineered by Crane for Sun Oil Co., Marcus Hook, Pa.

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This giant valve is a good example of what happens when the Crane Flow Control Engineer steps into the petroleum picture.

**The "Total System" Approach.** Only from him can industry get such a complete single source of the basics of a modern flow-control system.

He has the valves. For any purpose.

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*All the way.*

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The reason is better lamps developed by General Electric. Lamps that have greater light output, last longer, and save you money. • There's a General Electric lamp idea that can help your business, no matter what it is. You'll find three examples on the right. Remember, light makes the difference—General Electric makes the difference in light.

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## MILESTONES



### These General Electric lamps make the difference



The most powerful fluorescent. The G-E Power Groove® gives more light at lowest installed cost for office, store and factories than any fluorescent available. How? Its shape is dented so you get nine feet of arc stream in an eight foot tube. The result is more light, in fact 15,000 lumens.



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Lamps that last 4 years. You can relamp just once every 4 years with today's General Electric Bonus Mercury lamps which are life-rated in excess of 16,000 hours. You don't sacrifice light, either. The clear 400-watt Bonus Mercury lamp still delivers 87% of initial light output at 16,000 hours.

Whatever your business, there's a G-E lamp that can improve your lighting system. Contact your distributor or write General Electric Company, Large Lamp Department C-318, Nela Park, Cleveland 12, Ohio.

\*Registered trademark of General Electric



**Married.** Peter Snell, 24, New Zealand's world record holder for the mile and half mile; and Sally Turner, 20, his longtime sweetheart; in Papakura, N.Z.

**Married.** Carol Burnett, 28, TV comedienne; and Joseph Hamilton, 34, TV producer, who divorced his wife of 15 years (eight children) the day before; both for the second time; in Juarez, Mexico.

**Marriage Revealed.** Mary Ure, 30, British stage and screen actress (*Look Back in Anger*); and Robert Shaw, 35, actor (*The Caretaker*) and novelist (*The Hiding Place*); both for the second time; in Amersham, Bucks. April 13. Later last week, Actress Ure announced the birth of their daughter; in London, April 29.

**Divorced.** By Stirling Moss, 33, Britain's recently retired auto racing champion; Katherine Stuart Molson Moss, 27, who left him in 1959, unable to stand the racing pace; on uncontested grounds of desertion; after five years of marriage, no children; in London.

**Died.** Eugene Alan ("Big Daddy") Lipscomb, 31, fearsome all-pro colossus (6 ft. 6 in., 288 lbs., 7-ft. arm spread) for the Baltimore Colts from 1956 to 1960 and then for the Pittsburgh Steelers, the "fastest big, big man" in football; of suspected narcotics poisoning; in Baltimore. Someone once asked him why he solicitously helped up the opponents he had flattened. "I don't want people or kids to think Big Daddy is a cruel man," he explained.

**Died.** Mohammed Khemisti, 32, Algeria's young Foreign Minister, a staunch backer and longtime friend of Premier Ben Bella, who put aside old hatreds to become the prime architect of Algeria's post-revolutionary cooperation with France, winning himself the high respect of Western diplomats; of a head wound received 24 days earlier when an insane Moslem shot him at point-blank range; in Algiers.

**Died.** Dr. Harold Fred Dorn, 56, statistician of the U.S. National Institutes of Health whose 1958 study of 108,926 service veterans showed an increase among smokers in the number of deaths due to lung cancer (six times as many deaths for all smokers, nine times as many for cigarette smokers), and led to the U.S. Public Health Service's acknowledgement in 1959 that cigarettes were a cause of cancer; of cancer of the kidney; in Bethesda, Md.

**Died.** Wilfred Theodore ("Ted") Weems, 62, bandleader and creator of the "businessman's bounce," which carried him to the top of the bigtime in the '30s and again briefly in 1947 when his *Heartaches* was a surprise smash, bringing the flappers-turned-matrons back for just one more go-round; of a pulmonary emphysema; in Tulsa, Okla.

**Died.** Meyrich Edward Clifton James, 65, British character actor who played his greatest role in 1944 just before D-day when he fooled the Germans into believing that he was Field Marshal Bernard Montgomery on an inspection tour of North Africa and that the invasion was therefore still some time away; after a long illness; in Worthing, Sussex.

**Died.** Per Jacobsson, 69, managing director of the International Monetary Fund; of a heart attack; in London (see WORLD BUSINESS).

**Died.** René Fülöp-Miller, 72, multifaceted biographer (*Rasputin: The Holy Devil*, 1928), historian (*The Power and Secret of the Jesuits*, 1930), novelist (*The Night of Time*, 1955) and student of psychology, philosophy and Communism, a Hungarian-born pharmacist's son who journeyed to Leningrad in 1923 where he studied in Pavlov's Institute of Experimental Medicine while observing Bolshevism's early years, then went to Vienna in 1927 to study with Freud for a year before joining a colony of Greek hermit monks, and in 1930 came to the U.S., where he settled, finally becoming a lecturer in sociology at Manhattan's Hunter College from 1954 to 1962; of pneumonia; in Hanover, N.H.

**Died.** Edgar Montillon Woolley, 74, onetime Yale drama professor whose magnificent white beard ("the historic trademark of genius") and outrageously imperial mien made him the perfect *Man Who Came to Dinner*, a role he first played on Broadway in 1939, continued on stage, screen, TV and in private for the rest of his life; of kidney and heart ailments; in Albany, N.Y.

**Died.** Sir Howard Morley Robertson, 74, president of the Royal Institute of British Architects from 1952 to 1954, a curiously two-sided architect who remained firmly on the side of tradition in such sound and solid buildings as the British pavilions at four international exhibitions and the New Royal Horticultural Hall in London, but gained his greatest fame as a highly progressive teacher of the '20s and '30s, encouraging his students to follow the emerging modern architecture that he never employed in his own work; after a long illness; in London.

**Died.** Theodore von Karman, 81, premier aerodynamicist; of a heart attack; in Aachen, West Germany (see SCIENCE).

**Died.** Jacques Guerlain, 88, longtime co-director (with his late brother Pierre) of Maison Guerlain, a leisure-time collector of French impressionists, who in the family tradition personally oversaw the development of all new perfumes among them such best-sellers as *L'Heure Bleue*, *Mitsouko*, *Shalimar*; after a long illness; in Paris.

# EDUCATION

## STUDENTS

### The Hounds of Spring

"They have a good time, that Princeton crowd," mused New Jersey Governor Richard J. Hughes as a barrage of cherry bombs blitzed the gubernatorial front lawn. That Princeton crowd, a mob of 1,500 students, was launching the 1963 Intercollegiate Spring Riot Season by burning benches, smashing railroad cars, tipping Volkswagens, and rending fences. Then off to nearby Westminster Choir College, where from dormitory windows some of the girls defended their honor by tossing out panties and others by tossing out potted plants. When the bonfires cooled next morning, 14 of Princeton's fiercest Tigers were booked and bailed.



PRINCETON SCHOLARS AT WORK  
The sopping got socked.

"Shocking," said Princeton President Robert F. Goheen, whose wrought-iron fence was shorter by 30 ft. after the rumpus. Philadelphized Governor Hughes: "It's spring, and the sap begins to run."

The annual undergraduate sugaring-off rites scorched the ivy elsewhere in the league. At Yale, tipped-off police hoped to forfend a fracas by locking the freshmen inside the Old Campus. But the freshmen broke out, chanting "We want sex, we want sex," as they streaked for a dormitory occupied by women graduate students. The graduate girls peered out the windows and smiled tolerant, grown-up smiles. Then the demonstrators headed for New Haven's Taft Hotel where police resorted to billy-whacking and pistol-packing to herd them back to Old Eli. Score: 17 arrested, one hospitalized.

In Providence, the vernal urge for lingerie led marauding Brown University students to congeneric Pembroke College. Said Dean Rosemary Pierrel: "It's the first time in 16 years that a horde of Brown men has managed to reach the upper floors of a Pembroke dormitory." It took Providence police with Birmingham-type dogs to quell the brouhaha else-

where in town. Eight Brown rioters were arrested, but the chief injuries were sustained by two policemen and a bystander. One cop was hit with a rock and the other suffered the unkindest cut of all: he was bitten by his own dog.

### Down-to-Earth Idealism

Northern collegians have in recent years gone South on freedom rides, tried to integrate Louisiana lunch counters, been shot at for helping Negro voter registration in Georgia. Out of such idealistic activism, so strikingly missing in the apathetic '50s, has come a more down-to-earth student project. The newest task is tutoring thousands of Northern Negro children who lack the skill or the incentive to keep up in school. A timely push from a collegian can change their lives and the tutor's as well.

Such is the aim of the Northern Student Movement, a loose-knit, Yale-based fraternity of 2,200 collegians at 50 campuses. From M.I.T. to Oberlin to Swarthmore. They give several nights a week to tutoring about 3,500 Negro youngsters in cities all over the Northeast. Results have been undramatically good. In Philadelphia, a survey of 240 kids showed 50% of them doing "a little better" in school and 41% doing "much better." In Hartford, Conn., 13-year-old Pearly-Mae Sampson has hiked her average from C to B under the guidance of Trinity College Senior Henry Whitney, 21. In Harlem, Tutor Carl Anthony took a seventh-grader with third-grade reading ability and in two weeks helped her to get 90 on a seventh-grade spelling test. Step by step, the kids are getting with it.

**Countryman & Co.** The main force behind N.S.M. is its paid (\$50 a week) director, Peter Countryman, an intense Chicagoan of 21 who normally would have been a senior at Yale this year. Countryman got stirred by Southern Negro student sit-ins in 1961, began to see the academic world as "pretty sterile." Cutting classes, Countryman in two weeks collected 6,000 books for a hard-pressed Negro college in Virginia, wound up spearheading a Northern campus fund drive for sit-ins. He dropped out of Yale to run N.S.M. because "I felt a lot to do it."

Last summer Countryman & Co. set up classes for the school-less Negro youngsters of Virginia's Prince Edward County, and also tackled North Philadelphia, where the high school dropout rate is 60% and only 25% of the kids get to college. N.S.M. recruited 175 tutors (including about 70 Negroes) at colleges from Amherst to Sarah Lawrence, put them to work with 375 youngsters for four hours a week all summer. One by-product: Countryman's marriage to Tutor Joan Cannaday, a Negro Sarah Lawrence graduate and daughter of a Philadelphia high school guidance counselor.

**Building Confidence.** In Hartford this year, N.S.M.'s 100 tutors from Trinity and other colleges have worked with 300 kids in evening sessions at three high

schools. Hartford Seminary Student Peter Morrill, 22, who says that "this is the only way to actualize the things in the Bible," set up a shabby N.S.M. office in Hartford's heavily Negro North End. Going beyond tutoring, Morrill and 25 co-workers get people to the polls and campaign against rent gouging. "We're showing these people they have a chance," says Joe Norman, 18, a Negro student at the Hartford Art School.

Countryman, who is duly wary of white Lady Bountifulness, is now searching for a Negro to take over his job. He plans to return to Yale next fall, aims to leave fulltime N.S.M. offices running in Boston, Hartford, New York, Baltimore, Philadelphia, Washington and Chicago. His summer agenda is to muster 2,400 collegians to tutor 4,000 high school students. To foot the bill, he has \$30,000 from foundations and a Philadelphia drug house. N.S.M. clearly can make only a dent in the great mass of Negro slum kids who consider education strictly square, but it has started something worth doing well.

## FUND RAISING

### \$98 Million Record

So alluring has M.I.T. become to money givers that last week its three-year drive for \$66 million went over the top for a record in U.S. private education; it was oversubscribed to a total \$98 million. M.I.T. has launched the biggest building program in its history, will set up 14 endowed professorships at \$500,000 each.

## SCHOOLS

### The Man in Missouri

Whenever it seems that money is the root of all good in U.S. education and that only the Federal Government can provide it, the U.S. taxpayer can consider the case of Dillard A. Mallory, a gentle man of 56 who superintends the schools of rural Buffalo, Mo. (pop. 1,700). This month Buffalo will acquire three sorely needed school buildings costing \$115,000. The source of the windfall is not the town, not the state, not Uncle Sam. It is Superintendent Mallory, who personally put up the money on a yearly salary of \$12,000.

"People ask me why I did it," says Mallory. His answer goes back to the way education was valued in southern Missouri when he grew up on a farm with eight brothers and sisters. From a one-room school, Mallory and three brothers went on to the nearest high school ten miles away by renting a shabby room near by and living on pork and beans. While in high school, he taught grade school to pay his way. "Those were challenging days," he remembers. "Some of the children were older than I." When he at length became a much respected rural school superintendent, Mallory refused better-paying jobs with urban glamour. "I had an idea that you could work out as good a program for children here as anywhere else," he says.

**A Teacherage.** In 1947 the tiny Buffalo school district hit its debt limit and ran out of money. Without blinking, Mal-



lory used his 20-year savings of \$10,000 to buy a one-acre lot adjoining Buffalo High School. Leasing it to the district for \$1 a year, he borrowed \$32,000 on his signature, bought some surplus Army barracks, and built a school annex housing a library, cafeteria and home economics classroom.

While paying off the debt with proceeds from the cafeteria and athletic events concessions, Mallory borrowed again to buy lumber from an abandoned Army hospital, used it to construct a science and industrial arts building costing \$11,000. Then in 1957, to solve the housing shortage that repels teachers from rural areas, Mallory again cannibalized the Army hospital and built a \$72,000 "teachery" with apartments renting for a maximum of \$60 a month.

**Last installment.** Down went Buffalo's teacher turnover and up went its school rating—"Triple-A is the grade it gets from the state education department. In the past decade, 50 surrounding school districts have voted to be annexed by Buffalo, which now serves 1,550 students in a 500-sq.-mi. area and is thus richer than ever. As a result, Buffalo in 1959 floated a \$240,000 school bond issue and so improved Buffalo High School that last month the satisfied citizens voted overwhelmingly to hike the school tax by 20%.

Worried about a U.S. "drift toward complacency and indifference," Mallory meanwhile used the experience of a 1960 tour of Russia to make 350 speeches all over Missouri—thus earning another \$4,500 to set up a college scholarship fund for youngsters aiming to become American Government teachers. This month he will pay the last installment on his school buildings and formally turn over the deeds at commencement. Says he: "We've got to get back to greater effort on the part of the individual."



**SUPERINTENDENT MALLORY**  
The budget balanced on pork and bears.

## EDUCATION ABROAD

### Elite of the Elite

An ordinary Frenchman trying to squeeze into the tiny French intellectual elite is like Charles de Gaulle trying to squeeze into the back seat of a baby Renault. Yet room at the top is always open for top graduates of Louis-le-grand. France's most prestigious *lycée*, or state-run academic high school. Across the street from the Sorbonne in Paris, Louis-le-grand has an ancient passion to create "an elite of the elite" and a modern penchant for vaulting brainy boys into the *grandes écoles*, the supra-universities whose graduates virtually run France.

This week Lycée Louis-le-grand celebrates the 400th anniversary of its founding by a once despised elite: the Jesuits, then mostly Spaniards, who in 1563 started their own school in the Bishop of Clermont's Paris mansion. Young and liberal, the Jesuits irked Sorbonne theologians with novel notions—for example, that the pains of purgatory might last only ten years. Yet by 1594, they had taught some 220,000 students, including the future St. Francis de Sales. The Jesuits welcomed anyone who could hurdle the entrance exams. They lured rich and poor, Jansenists and Protestants, Bourbon princes, colonial Americans, Turks and even Chinese. The best students were often uncut diamonds like Jean Baptiste Poquelin, son of a long line of upholsterers. The Jesuits put him on a diet of Terence, Lucretius, and French drama. Wielding a pen sharper than a needle, he became the playwright Molière.

**Perverts & Premiers.** All this so impressed Louis XIV, the Sun King, that in 1682 he took over the place and declared "Ourselves founder." The faculty, rendering unto Caesar, removed "Jesus" from the front door and put up "Ludovici Magni" (Louis-le-grand). The pleased king founded a foreign-language study annex in Constantinople and a scholarship fund that salvaged more talent, including Encyclopedist Denis Diderot and one François Marie Arouet, the talented son of a notary who later called himself Voltaire.

"Everyone who carries a name in France has spent his early youth in Louis-le-grand," gloated the Archbishop of Paris—charitably including that perverted praetorian, the Marquis de Sade. The pattern continued despite the suppression of the Jesuits in 1762, when the jealous Sorbonne swallowed the school. During the French Revolution, the school doubled as a jail for "enemies" of the Revolution, including Old Grad Robespierre, on his way to the guillotine.

So combustible was 19th century France that between 1801 and 1873 the school was renamed eight times—from the Lycée Impérial (Napoleon's era) to the Lycée Descartes (the 1848 revolution). What never changed was the stunning output of famous men. Painters Degas, Delacroix and Gérault went there; so did Sculptor Frédéric Auguste Bartholdi, who designed the Statue of Liberty. Louis-le-grand taught Writers Victor Hugo,



**LOUIS-LE-GRAND STUDENTS**  
The dullards are damned.

Charles Péguy, Théophile Gautier, Paul Claudel and, more recently, Jean-Paul Sartre. The poet Baudelaire was aptly pegged ("somewhat bizarre charm") before being expelled for refusing to unhand another boy's note in class (he swallowed it).

Louis-le-grand produced Bankers Henri and Alphonse de Rothschild; Sweden's King Oscar II, France's President (1913-20) Raymond Poincaré, Senegal President Léopold Senghor, Premier Georges Pompidou went there, and so did at least three of his predecessors: Paul Reynaud, Pierre Mendès-France and Michel Debré.

**Straining Minds.** Louis-le-grand is today a classic building in the Rue Saint Jacques, its quiet broken by the whining Vespas of its 2,000 boys and the almost audible straining of their minds. Beset with *bonrage* (cramming), they wearily carve on their desks such mottoes as "Work is a sacred thing; better not touch it," and with good reason. Most French *lycées* span seven years, the goal being two *baccalaureat* exams for university entrance at the level of U.S. college sophomores. But getting educated is a lot tougher at Louis-le-grand. It now specializes largely in three postgraduate years for boys aiming to enter the much harder *grandes écoles*, particularly the Ecole Normale Supérieure, France's top source of professors, which gets two-thirds of its students from Louis-le-grand.

Protesting the school's harsh discipline, some critics want to "democratize" the system by shifting *grandes écoles* candidates to the more adult, laxer university. That thought appalls Charles Poignant, the school's *censeur* (disciplinary head) who fears that standards would plummet. "There is great jealousy of our role," he says, and it delights him. With Premier Pompidou due to lead the birthday party, *Censeur* Poignant & Co. aim to launch Louis-le-grand on its fifth century in the same old masterial manner—a place where the elite of the elite meet, and damn the dullards.

*Men who  
hate to wait...*



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# U.S. BUSINESS

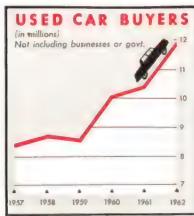
## STATE OF BUSINESS

### Pleasant Sounds

Talk alone cannot create prosperity—but is essential to it. Across the nation last week, the surprising business upturn—and where it would lead—was the subject of almost every businessman's conversation. The usual optimists had a field day, the fence-sitters felt stirrings of commitment, and even the normally cautious allowed themselves a grunt or two of satisfaction. The sentiments of U.S. businessmen, from the corporate chief to the corner clothier, were captured by Wall Street's Francis I. du Pont & Co.: "The current upswing in business seems to have something for everybody."

Only six months ago many trendspotters had worried aloud about a mild recession in 1963, but the 20 professional economists reporting to the semiannual Business Council last week saw the gross national product rising 4% to \$57.8 billion for the year. This was a modest forecast; many economists anticipate a G.N.P. of at least \$58.8 billion. At the semiannual meeting of the Council's 100 leading businessmen in Hot Springs, Va., Chief Presidential Economist Walter Heller conceded that the Administration had been too conservative about the year, said that the Government might well "revise upward" its own official prediction of a \$57.8 billion G.N.P. for 1963. His hint: about \$58.3 billion.

**Color Broadcast.** In Detroit, auto producers predicted that car sales this month will crack last October's all-time record of 728,532. A few even dared to forecast that 1963 sales will exceed the historic high of 7,100,000. Last month U.S. consumers



bought well over 700,000 cars—more than Detroit managed to produce—and sales have been running 2,000 a day ahead of last year's high rate. Steelmakers, now pouring at 82% capacity, look for shipments in May to be the highest in three years; they expect June to be at least as strong, even though steel users have now conservatively bought up enough to hedge against an unlikely strike.

RCA felt so rosy that it broadcast its annual meeting over closed-circuit color television in Rockefeller Center, and announced that profits are at records and that sales of color TV sets are 40% above last year. From Standard Brands to Xerox, dozens of major companies reported record first-quarter earnings. So far this year, increased dividends have frequently gone hand in hand with better profit figures, including those reported by many of the big

oil producers as well as by IBM, Nabisco and Lockheed Aircraft.

**Lift for Stocks.** One dividend boost in particular stirred talk and buying on Wall Street. Reflecting record first-quarter profits of \$414 million, General Motors last week declared a special 50¢ quarterly dividend on top of its regular 30¢ payout, which will add an extra \$143 million to the pocketbooks of its more than 1,000,000 shareholders. G.M. stock jumped 4½ points to 73½ in the four trading sessions after the news—and lifted other stocks with it because many theorists hold that G.M. is a "leading indicator" for the entire market. The Dow-Jones industrial average rose 5.22 points for the week, closing at a 14-month high of 723.50. Most important, brokers reported a rising number of small transactions—a heartening indication that Main Street is beginning once more to put its money-backed bets on the future of the economy.

## AUTOS

### A Greenbacked Year On the Dusty Lots

While all eyes are on the pace of car sales in the nation's auto showrooms (April set another monthly record), 1963 is also proving a greenbacked year for the men who preside over the dusty, sunbaked used-car lots. Detroit watches used-car sales as closely as new-model sales in judging how long the auto boom can continue. The signs are encouraging: about four used cars are now being sold for every three new ones, and at least 11 million used cars will probably be sold in 1964. While used-car dealers can usually sell a "cream puff"—the car in good con-

## TALK AT THE TOP



The economy has now gained its second wind. U.S. business seems well on its way to establishing one of the longest peacetime recoveries on record.

MARTIN GAINSBROUGH  
National Industrial  
Conference Board



The portents of plant and equipment surveys are very favorable, and they are an important force in keeping the expansion moving throughout the year.

WALTER HELLER  
chairman, Council of  
Economic Advisers



The reports of good business covering a broad range of activities have confirmed that overall economic activity is now undergoing an accelerated advance.

HENRY C. ALEXANDER  
chairman, Morgan  
Guaranty Trust Co.



Automobile sales in the first four months have surprised even the incurable optimists among us. This could be the biggest auto sales year in history.

BYRON NICHOLS  
general manager, Chrysler's Dodge division



There is a definite improvement in the long-term outlook for the steel industry, with sales, production and earnings reaching more satisfactory levels.

THOMAS F. PATTON  
president  
Republic Steel Corp.



MICHIGAN AUTO AUCTION  
Even the dogs move.

dition with a good paint job—they are doing so well now that many find little trouble in unloading the beat-up dogs.

**Boost from Below.** The horse-trading system of selling new cars in the U.S. makes the used car a vital factor in new-car sales: in 74% of all new-car sales the dealer takes a used car as a trade-in. Bargaining is so hard that the dealer usually makes no profit until he sells the used car. If used cars are not selling, he understandably lowers the amount he will allow a customer on a trade-in. This, in effect, raises the price of the new car, and too much scaling down of prices can slam the brakes on any auto boom. There is, in fact, a school of thought in Detroit that argues that it all moves in cycles: as new-car sales increase, trade-ins bring in more used cars until the lots become clogged and prices begin to drop to move them.

No one really knows at what point today's used-car market will be saturated. Year after year, used-car sales have steadily climbed: 1962's sales of 11.3 million were 13% over 1961, and this year's estimates reckon on another 10% gain. The increase in sales comes mostly from the bottom of the market—from teen-agers now reaching driving age, who grab up the six- and seven-year-old cars. A sale to one of them enables the previous owner to buy a newer used car for himself, so the effects continue right up the line to the newest models. And many families make their second car a used one.

**Good Until August.** Because of the bigger demand for used cars, there are fewer bargains to be had. Prices are up slightly from a year ago even though there are more cars for sale, and the hottest used seller is the car that also leads the new-auto field: Chevrolet. Volkswagen also ranks high as a used car; last week at a wholesale auto auction, the place

where the trade sets its prices, a 1960 VW carried a wholesale price of \$1,080 v. \$1,000 for a 1960 Ford Galaxie that when new cost \$1,000 more than the VW. Because a bright red used car of any make attracts attention to the lot, it is worth \$200 more than a car of any other color; and in the South, air conditioning can add up to \$250 to the car's price v. only \$50 in the North.

The betting in Detroit is that used cars will keep on supporting new-car sales right through August. Used-car inventories now stand at a healthy 25-day supply, well below the 30-day level considered near the saturation point. After August, the 1964s will come out and suddenly make used cars out of all the 1963s on the road—and then begins another year, and another game.

## AVIATION

### Late Take-Off on the SST

After years of delay and months of suspense, the U.S. has all but decided to enter belatedly the race to build a supersonic jetliner.

A special Cabinet committee headed by Vice President Johnson will shortly send to the White House a long-awaited report strongly recommending that the Government bear the financial brunt of developing the costly plane, which will be able to fly from coast-to-coast in less than two hours and from New York to Paris in less than three. President Kennedy is expected to ask Congress for an appropriation to get the whole thing started. Congress, already balky about the high cost of getting to the moon, must be convinced on similar grounds that national prestige is involved. The sums are so big that, in the words of Northrop Corp.'s Chairman Tom Jones, "there has to be a purpose other than free enterprise."

Three months ago, Federal Aviation Administrator Najeeb Halaby visited the plants of the Anglo-French consortium—British Aircraft Corp. and Sud-Aviation—and was shocked to see how far along the British and French were in building their needle-nosed Concorde jetliner, which will fly at Mach 2.2 (or 2.2 times the speed of sound). The market for a supersonic transport (or SST, as it is widely known) will at first be only 100 to 150 planes, and both U.S. and foreign airlines are naturally inclined to order the planes from the company that can promise the earliest delivery date. The Russians are also pushing ahead with an SST.

**Speed Debate.** U.S. aviation experts are hotly debating whether the U.S. should build a Mach 2 or a Mach 3 jetliner. The FAA favors a Mach 2 plane, because it could be built more quickly and less expensively, would be able to use existing design techniques and metals. Just about everyone else, including the airframe makers, strongly favor a Mach 3. "We ought to do better," growls North American Aviation's Chairman Lee Atwood, "than just to build another Concorde."

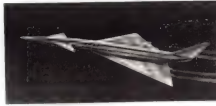
Since a Mach 3 jetliner, to resist heat

at such speeds, would have to be built of stainless steel and titanium, it would take longer to make and would also require costly engineering for new engines. But its backers argue that a Mach 3 would be a radically new plane that would give the U.S. undisputed future leadership. There is also talk of a compromise Mach 2.3 or 2.4 plane that could later be developed into a Mach 3.

Though the U.S. is getting off the runway late, it already knows quite a bit about what has to be done. The only large jet in the free world that has logged any substantial supersonic flight time is General Dynamics' B-58. Boeing has 100 engineers working fulltime at its Renton plant near Seattle on a supersonic project. In its usual guarded fashion, Boeing has been testing models in wind tunnels for at least five years, has built a full-scale mock-up of a cabin section of a Mach 3 jetliner. North American Aviation is building three prototypes of the supersonic B-70 bomber.

**Pooled Skills.** But none of the U.S. airframe makers can on its own raise the \$1 billion to \$2 billion needed to develop an SST. To get a program moving this year, President Kennedy must get \$100 million or so out of Congress during the current session, or face a delay that would make it practically impossible to catch up with the French and British, who promise delivery of the first Concorde in 1970. If the Government encourages U.S. airframe makers to pool their skills, the result might give the airlines a plane whose performance and economy would make it worthwhile for the airlines to wait.

The U.S. would still have to get its price right. According to current industry estimates, an American SST Mach 2 would cost about \$12 million to \$15 million apiece, while a Mach 3 would cost \$30 million. The British and French are planning to sell the Concorde for less than \$10 million. One difference is that the two European governments donated \$500 million outright to develop the Concorde, while the U.S. government expects to be paid back for much of what it advances.



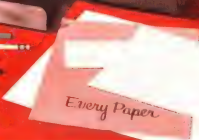
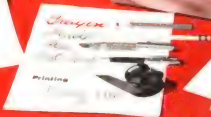
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May 7, 1963

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## HIGH FINANCE

### Three for a Pyramid

One is a former junkman who began entrepreuneuring at 16 by buying a deserted jail and selling its steel bars at a profit. Another is a courtly Southern tycoon who lives in a mansion in Yemassee, S.C. The third man once conducted his family business, the nation's biggest maker of toothpaste tubes, from a floating desk in the pool of his Greenwich, Conn., home until the pool became too small to contain his world. They make an unlikely trio, but together they have set out to be corporate conquerors in the style of Louis



BEN KANTIN

#### LIONEL'S ASSEMBLY LINE



KROCK, HUFFINES, MUSCAT  
From church pews to rails.

Wolfson and the late Robert Young. Last week the trio completed a major coup by taking control of ailing Lionel Corp. from Attorney Roy Cohn, bumping him down to chairman of the executive committee. That coup expands the assets of their growing empire to \$140 million.

The former junkman is Massachusetts Moneyman Edward Krock, 51; the Southerner is Robert Huffines, 58, former president of Burlington Mills and Texton; and the toothpaste tube heir is Victor Muscat, 44, who now swims in Manhattan's bigger pool. Since 1960 the three have combined forces to gain control of two large holding companies listed on the American Stock Exchange, Defiance Industries and B.S.F. Co., and through them picked up almost a score of satellite companies that spin into insurance, electronics and the manufacture of everything from church pews to screw machinery. Huffines defines the trio's philosophy: "We have gone into troubled situations, undervalued situations, and tried to rehabilitate them."

It was Roy Cohn himself who proposed that they take on Lionel, which

TIME, MAY 17, 1963

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until I got a**

**postage meter!...**

"It's not that I don't welcome orders in the mail—the extra business is velvet. But the customers in the shop keep me hopping all day. My girls leave at six. So I was the patsy stuck with getting out the parcel post orders—and awfully fed up with figuring out batches of stamps and sticking them on packages. One night it occurred to me that I was a ninny not to have one of those little postage meters. Now I get out mail orders in half the time."

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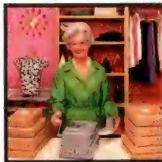
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# **AUTOMATIC ELECTRIC**

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has lost money for the past two years. In a typically complex deal, the trio used an incredibly low-priced ticket to ride far on Lionel's tracks. They got the voting rights to Cohn's 55,000 Lionel shares in return for an interest-free loan to him of \$281,273; Cohn is pledged to sell them the shares in 1964 and 1965, by which time he hopes that the stock—which sank from 14 1/2 to 5 1/2 in four years under his management—will be selling at a higher price. To top all this, the restless three last week were negotiating with Promoter Meshulam Riklis to take over his sprawling (assets: \$66 million) but sorely troubled Rapid-American empire, which controls 1,500 Lerner, H. L. Green, National Shirt, McLellan and other stores; it also makes printing plates and plastic signs and sells citrus fruits.

**Chucking & Muscling.** Muscat, Krock and Huffines got together in 1957 through a mutual interest in rehabilitating a sick New Jersey company called Reinsurance Investment Corp. With the help of their own private fortunes, they then began to build their industrial pyramid, swapping the cash or shares of one company to win control over others or using shares as collateral for loans to buy other companies. As they got control of each company they quickly closed down or sold off profitless operations, expanded the money-making ones, chucked out many incumbent executives and consolidated management at the top of the pyramid.

Though the three work as a team, they have no central office, seldom meet together, and plot their strategy mostly over the telephone. Muscat is the leader and operating chief who muscled onto reluctant boards and does the firing. Krock who works out of his Worcester, Mass., office, is the chief strategist and financial planner. Huffines handles the lawyers, soothes the stockholders and sews up the corporate details that the more flamboyant Muscat and Krock would rather not bother with.

**Suits & Skeptics.** The three Muscateres boast that they have turned Defiance Industries' 1961 loss of \$294,500 into a 1962 profit of \$497,000. But critics say that much of the gain was due to changes in bookkeeping, plus the surprising inclusion of profits from one subsidiary that Defiance had not even taken over until two weeks after Defiance's fiscal year had ended. A pair of Defiance stockholders is suing the management because they objected to a deal in which the trio last year paid almost three times its book value to get control of one company.

Wall Street is also skeptical of such tactics, and the stock of Defiance has dropped from a 1962 high of 13 1/2 to 6 1/2 last week; B.S.F. is down to 6 1/2 from last year's peak of 15 1/2. But the trio carefully maintains a collectively optimistic face and predicts a profit for Lionel this year. Muscat, who also is the one empowered to do the boasting among the partners, says: "Between the three of us we have enough experience, money and follow-through to run any company in the country."



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# WORLD BUSINESS

## FRANCE

### Victory for the Bull

To the Euromart, the Eurodollar and the Eurochick (the rising class of smart young working girls), a French firm with the un-Gallic name of Machines Bull has just added another contribution: the Eurocheck. Ready to switch to the magnetic-ink system of automatic checking now spreading throughout the U.S., European nations have been looking around for the best system. To many, it seemed that the firm likeliest to walk away with the biggest fistful of orders was IBM, whose sales in France alone were up 41% last year. But scrappy Machines Bull has soundly tweaked the giant's nose. Virtually every country in Western Europe has now picked the Bull system over the method used by U.S. banks and championed by IBM in Europe.

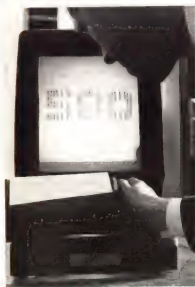
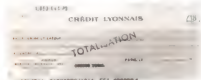
Chauvinism undoubtedly played its part in the choice, particularly on the part of French bankers, but the Machines Bull method has definite advantages over the U.S. system. The U.S. method, which uses machines that are built by General Electric, National Cash Register and Burroughs Corp. as well as by IBM, electronically "reads" the numbers formed by magnetic ink on the check. To conform to the machines' peculiar reading habits, numbers must be printed in distorted characters that the human eye finds hard

to read, and a smudged printing job can occasionally trick the machines.

Machines Bull's method is to form the numbers with a series of thin vertical lines, which the human eye finds easier to read. Bull's machine then interprets the number through a Morse code-like system that notes the number of lines and the varying widths of spaces between them but makes no attempt to determine the actual shape of the numeral. It immediately rejects any check that shows a flaw in the "dot-dash" code. Machines Bull's system is simpler and cheaper to buy (\$12,000 for basic equipment for a small bank) than the system that IBM was pushing.

Ever since the 1930s, Machines Bull has been aggressively trading punch cards and crossing calculators in a hot duel with IBM, has so thrived on the struggle that its sales have gone from \$7,000,000 to \$63 million in 1962. The company took its name from Norwegian Inventor Fredrik Bull, whose patents it acquired to make its first punch-card machine; it is now controlled by the Callies family (paper mills). It turned out a tabulator that was for years the fastest on the market, brought out the first computer to use compact germanium diodes as well as tubes and developed a Gamma 60 computer so electronically marvelous that it can handle scores of totally unrelated problems at once.

Winning the Eurocheck gives the company a head start over all other computer makers, but the company agreed to make the patents on its system available to all comers to induce Europe's banks to accept its system. Already IBM, National Cash Register and Burroughs plan to copy Machines Bull's system.



Eurocheck & Reading Machine  
Tweaking the giant.

## WEST GERMANY

### Dancing at Every Wedding

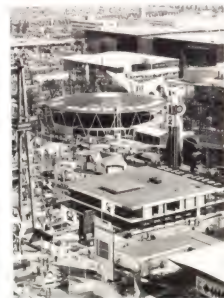
After ten hectic days of ogling and order-writing, the 17th annual Hanover Fair closed last week, and West Germany's tenth biggest city (pop. 575,000) reverted to its usual role as the quiet capital of Lower Saxony. The world's largest industrial fair had, as usual, racked up superlatives: more exhibits (5,707) from more nations (27) than ever before, more visitors (11,500,000), and more revenue for such ancillary services as hotels, restaurants and airlines. But even as they tallied up their new orders, Europe's businessmen debated whether the Hanover Fair—or, for that matter, Europe's proliferation of industrial fairs—was really worth the bother. Said Fritz-Aurel Goergen managing director of exhibiting Henschel (trucks, heavy machinery): "There's probably nobody who doesn't recognize that this is a drain of money, manpower and time that borders on insanity."

Rare Buyer. More than 20 such fairs are now held yearly, from London and Milan to Basel and Budapest. The fairs

have become more a matter of pride than pocketbook for image-conscious European firms, many of which try to exhibit at all of them, fearing that failure to exhibit might start a rumor that a company was in trouble. On such a scale, exhibitions can be very expensive; German companies allot \$375 million yearly to fairs, or about half as much as they spend on all advertising. Such smaller companies as porcelain makers or optical works may hope to recoup their outlay in sales or business contacts. But for Krupp, Henschel, Mannesmann and other heavy machinery giants, which occupy 60% of the space at the Hanover Fair, the return is measured largely in good will. The really interested customer keeps up with their products anyway, and visits the plants to inspect them; he rarely buys anything big at such fairs. A Mannesmann executive calls the Hanover Fair "superfluous," and a Demag executive says: "If this isn't stopped, fairs will degenerate into public relations for its own sake."

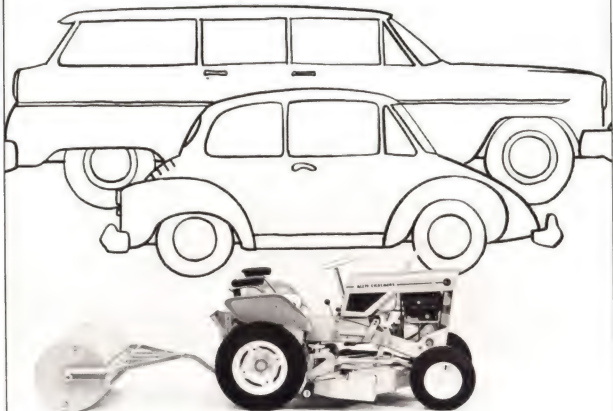
Though they would not abandon industrial fairs, the large companies would like them to be held only every other year. They also want the types of exhibitors limited, and confined to showing only new products. Krupp General Manager Bernhard Beitz believes that fairs force firms to be more competition-conscious, but would "just as soon show one really interesting product as ten mediocre ones." Adds he: "If we cut out mediocrity, we will also get the kind of visitors we want; and when that happens, we won't have to go to so many other fairs either. You just cannot dance at every wedding."

Tourists Not Wanted. Aware of such complaints, Hanover Fair directors are



Hanover Fairgrounds  
Pinching the pocketbook.





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"You see, our yard is big... and lots of work, used to be, that is.

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"Those Allis-Chalmers people really know tractors. Why, for generations they have been building big tractors used all around the world.

"It's fun to hear the fussin' sometimes

when the boys and ol' dad all want the tractor at once. Mom takes a turn now and then, too.

"Everybody wants to try our tractor... and they love it. We just knew the neighbors would come and watch our B-1 start the new garden. But their eyes will really pop when they see our snow thrower in action next winter.

"We tell our friends, that best of all, expert advice and helpful information swung us to the Allis-Chalmers dealer. We always depend on him.

"That's why our tractor is an Allis-Chalmers. Why they even sell 'em on time, just like cars."

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Does that mean you should own stocks in the drug industry?

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The important thing is that business changes—fast. And any investor should do all he can to keep pace with those changes—try to make sure that his stocks provide all the income, stability, or growth he's looking for.

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making some changes. This year they cut tedious public speaking from two days to one. They are considering raising the \$2.50 admission price to eliminate tourists and curiosity seekers, but they have not reached the point of discouraging size and superlatives. For one thing, the Hanover Fair is a corporation—and hallyhoo and bigger figures over 17 years have produced an annual 4% dividend for Hanover and Lower Saxony.

### BRITAIN

#### Stamp War

The British are succumbing to the U.S. mania for trading stamps, and another battle of Britain is under way. Thirty trading-stamp companies are already in operation, giving out stamps in 35,000 stores. Britain's Green Shield, which sells 60% of all the stamps in circulation, has done so well in four years that it has hiked its sales force from 12 to 250, doubled its premiums catalogue to 64 pages and moved from cramped quarters into a 13-story London headquarters of its own.

Britain's trade associations and small shopkeepers are vociferously fighting against the stamps. Says a spokesman for the 12,000-store Multiple Grocers Association: "We have had the advantage of seeing what happened with stamps in the U.S. You have an initial competitive advantage; then your rivals have stamps and you lose the advantage. But you're stuck with the stamps." They haven't seen anything yet. The U.S.'s MacDonald Stamp Co. (Plaid Stamps) is exploring the British market, and giant Sperry & Hutchinson (Sperry Stamps) will launch an assault this summer. More immediately, Great Universal Stores' Sir Isaac Wolfson now owns five small stamp companies and is expected to begin issuing stamps in his 2,600 retail outlets.

### FINANCE

#### Death of a Father

He loved the Washington social whirl but complained that parties in the capital end too early. "People," he liked to say, "begin to tell the truth only after midnight." Per Jacobsson, international monetary expert, spent most of his life trying to get men and nations to face the truth before midnight—the cold, hard truth of fiscal discipline. With a rare talent for understanding politics as well as economics, he was a master of compromise—and a stickler for principle. When France's franc was faltering, he told the imperious Charles de Gaulle: "*Mon général*, you spoke about restoring the esteem of France. I do not think there will ever be esteem for a country that has a bad currency." When he died of a heart attack at 60 in London last week, after seven years as the managing director of the International Monetary Fund, Per Jacobsson was acknowledged as a chief architect of the postwar world of international finance and mourned as the trusted counsel to troubled treasuries.

**A Bit Afraid.** A Swede, Jacobsson was one of those rare men (less rare in Sweden than elsewhere) who served no country but the world. He began his career as an international civil servant in the 1920s with the League of Nations, later became chief of the Monetary and Economics department of the Bank of International Settlements in Basel—a post he resigned in 1936 to take over at I.M.F., then a relatively unimportant institution.

Vigorous and at times flamboyant, Jacobsson built up the I.M.F. almost by force of personality. By persuading two dozen more countries to become members (current membership: 86 nations), he swelled I.M.F.'s bankroll from \$9 billion to \$21 billion. He bailed Britain and



PER JACOBSSON  
Cold truths before midnight.

France out of currency crises with massive loans, persuaded the ten leading industrialized nations to set up a special currency pool to defend their currencies. He was tough in insisting on fiscal discipline, cutting off help to such nations as Turkey and Brazil when they refused to cooperate. His reputation as a conservative enabled him sometimes to espouse unorthodox measures without being accused of seeking change simply for his own sake. Jacobsson always mistrusted liberal economists, even when he found himself agreeing with them. He once said: "I'm a bit afraid of any economist who has not seen the inside of a central bank."

**Poetry for Rest.** As much at home in the drawing room as over a row of figures, Jacobsson wrote mystery stories and read Swedish lyric poetry for relaxation. He was able to combine his love of food, wine and traveling as he crisscrossed the world to check I.M.F. activities, and he dined and negotiated with most of the world's rulers. The seven-room apartment that he shared with his Irish-born wife in Washington was cluttered with photographs of his three daughters (one of whom is married to the first four-minute miler Roger Bannister) and eleven grandchildren. Behind the fiscal cop was a fond father, a dual role he also played to many of the world's treasures.



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## CINEMA

### Coffee, Tea or Bilk?

**Come Fly with Me** is one of those *Three Girls* in (fill in your favorite) genre pictures, and this time the words to fill in are "the wild blue yonder." Pamela Tiffin, Dolores Hart and Lois Nettleton are the stewardesses aboard a transatlantic jet, and their avowed purpose is to promote dates, affairs or weddings with the pilots and the passengers. Dolores is the wild one who zeroes in on a baron with a flashy gold cigarette case; Lois is blue because she is "over 30" and unwed; and Pamela is a way-out innocent on a collision course for the plane's cleft-chinned pilot (Hugh O'Brian). Paris, Vienna and picturesque Idlewild furnish the backdrops.

The dialogue is out of some high school play. Lois reacts to the news that her Texas boy friend (Karl Malden) has \$40

those years a new aspect. This Oscar-winning film is not just another post-mortem on Hitler: it is a trenchant commentary on the hows and whys of Nazism.

Stoumen picked Marlene Dietrich to narrate the film and the choice is both daring and appropriate. Her taut Teutonic phrasing, with its Dietrichy-us for rs, never lets the listener forget that a German is telling the story of Germany's shame. "How did it happen in this lovely land?" she asks. Stoumen shows Hitler in his schoolboy days, as a young corporal during World War I. The viewer gets a look at Hitler's competent paintings and drawings (all without a single human figure). Stoumen's cleverest stroke is the use of Kaulbach's illustrations for Goethe's fable of *Reynard the Fox*, making a neat allegory between the sly fox, who persuaded the king of the beasts that he could save the animal kingdom from the wicked wolf, and Adolf Hitler, who persuaded the aging Van Hindenburg that he could protect Germany from the threat of Stalin. The parallel peridy of Reynard and Adolf, once they have seized power, falls almost too trickily into place, but the lesson is memorable.

In less than 90 minutes the film poses its universal question: How could a sensible people like the Germans be fooled by a fox? A quotation from *Ecclesiastes* is offered as the answer: "Who knoweth the spirit of man that goeth upward, and the spirit of the beast that goeth downward to the earth?"

### A Japanese Homer Nods

Akira Kurosawa is the Homer of the current cinema, and like Homer he sometimes nods. Yet in two pictures now showing in the U.S., the great Japanese director (*Rashomon*, *Ikiru*, *Yojimbo*) demonstrates that the energy of genius can make a miss almost as exciting as a hit.

**The Idiot**, a Japanization of the Dostoevsky novel, is Kurosawa's favorite Kurosawa picture. Made in 1951, the film ran on for 165 minutes. Appalled, Kurosawa's crassly commercial distributor (Shochiku) hacked it down to 90 minutes. The uncut original has never been shown in public—until now. Thanks to a culture-conscious exhibitor named Dan Talbot, the unmitigated *Idiot* has had its world premiere in Manhattan—and the showing showed that the crassly commercial distributor was absolutely right.

The trouble seems to be that Kurosawa got fascinated with Dostoevsky's genius and forgot about his own. He follows with near-sighted assiduity every thread of the novelist's intricately woven tale. What's more, he too often tells the story in the author's words; he forgets to translate the words into correlatively compelling images. Nevertheless, the film skillfully counterfeits the look of Russia in the last century—it was shot in a small town in northern Japan in the dead of winter—and it brilliantly intuitively the mystical spirit of Russian Christianity. The

### How LONG Is Too SHORT?

by  
Julian P. Van Winkle  
President

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million by saying: "All us girls have our price." Dolores does not care if the baron is really an international jewel thief who has been using her as a diamond drop, "because I happen to be in love with you." And when Pamela stomps into the cockpit to tell Pilot O'Brian that "there are plenty of other men in the world," he probably would have slugged her if he had not been busy driving the plane.

The screenplay for *Come Fly with Me* is the work of William Roberts. He deserves the season's Joe Miller Award for being mostest with the funniest.

### Years of the Beast

**Black Fox.** The rise and fall of Adolf Hitler has been told and retold on documentary film so often that it has become a litany of the age. The pictorial archive from which producers draw—walking corpses at Buchenwald, heiling storm-troopers at Nazi rallies, Hitler jiggling while Europe burns—has become predictable if still shocking. But Producer Louis Clyde Stoumen (*The Naked Eye*), finding new film and skillfully interpolating drawings by Picasso, Grosz, Dore and Wilhelm von Kaulbach, has given the story of







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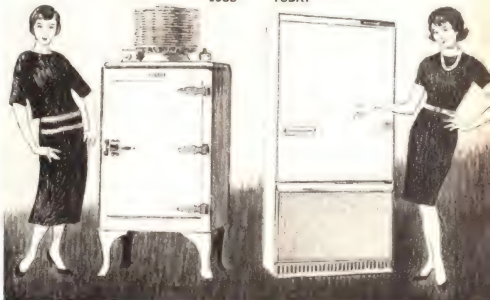
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# HOURS OF WORK TO BUY



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TODAY



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## BOOKS

### D for Disinterested

MATTHEW ARNOLD—LECTURES & ESSAYS IN CRITICISM (578 pp.)—Vol. III in a ten-volume series edited by R. H. Super—University of Michigan (\$9).

"Sweetness and light" was not the best of phrases even in Victorian times. Besides, Matthew Arnold had borrowed it from Jonathan Swift. But the eminent Victorian poet-critic's oft-quoted formula for mental harmony has clung to his reputation like a sugary burr. Successive generations of collegians, coming upon it in more modern times, have turned away, convinced that Arnold's comments on the

alive a critical spirit in an age of complacency. Though his purpose was solemn, Arnold often indulged in levity that disturbed the specific gravity of fellow Victorians—and led to a cartoon by irreverent Max Beerbohm (*see cut*) mocking them both. The cultural history of man, he wrote in *Culture and Anarchy*, his most famous essay, is an interplay between what Arnold called Hebraism—the urge of conscience to follow the best moral light man has—and Hellenism—the spirit of inquiry that constantly questions conscience to be sure that it does not mislead, that the best light is not superstitious darkness. He foresaw that the 19th century's grim but necessary preoccupation with industrial growth would pass away, and a time would come "when man has made himself perfectly comfortable and has . . . to determine what to do with himself." To provide a standard for that coming day, he proposed to seek out and proclaim "the best that has been known and thought in the world."

**Sly Dig.** As visiting poetry professor at Oxford and (for 40 years) a tireless reformist inspector of the British school system, Critic Arnold had many a platform from which to praise past excellence and take potshots at John Bullish complacency. He had a gift for making a phrase stick. After Arnold so summed him up, Romantic Poet Percy Bysshe Shelley has indelibly remained "an ineffectual angel." His fellow Britons Arnold divided into three groups: "the Barbarians [aristocracy], the Populace and the Philistines," an epithet which for Arnold summed up all the sins of the muscular, middle-headed, self-satisfied British middle class. He takes a sly dig at the scarcity of inquiring minds in England by noting that Britain is the only country in the world where curiosity, far from being a prized intellectual quality, means merely the unpleasant urge to nose into other people's business.

**Promised Land.** Criticism for Arnold was not a matter of practical reforms but a perilously held, ultimately priceless state of mind. To see things steadily and see them whole. Never to praise what is merely good as if it were really excellent. Above all, in an age much given to partisanship, to remain "disinterested." One of Arnold's heroes was Edmund Burke—not because he agreed with Burke's views, but because, after years of eloquent attack on the French Revolution, Burke closed his commentary by admitting that another interpretation might one day be possible.

Today in England and America society seems to be emerging upon an upland of plenty which Arnold predicted would nourish a renewed concern for culture, thought and ideas. The fact would please Arnold. But with a cultivated scholar's penchant for reading national character in small cultural details, he would be acutely downcast by one outwardly insignificant philological decline, Arnold's favorite word, "disinterested," which epit-



MATTHEW ARNOLD

When man becomes comfortable . . .

world are about as relevant to the tough-minded 20th century as those, say, of Harriet Beecher Stowe.

This is a pity. Despite an occasional ultra-rarefied phrase, Arnold was the most trenchant critic of his century—a fact which has inspired Professor Super's mammoth scholarly edition of all his scattered works. He was also a worldly, witty man whose comments most of the time could apply to the ills of our age as well as to those of his own.

**The Darkling Plain.** Arnold began, almost a century before Sartre, as something very like a modern existentialist. "Let us be true to one another," he wrote in *Dover Beach*, for the world

Hath really neither joy, nor love nor light,

Nor certitude, nor peace, nor help for pain;

And we are here as on a darkling plain  
Swept with confused alarms of struggle  
and flight,

Where ignorant armies clash by night.

Unlike many a modern intellectual, Arnold did not retreat into ivory-tower estheticism, sour stoical isolation or epicurean sensuality. Instead, in the muscular Victorian fashion, he drowned his sorrow at his loss of faith by working to keep



BEERBOHM CARTOON

"Why, Uncle Matthew, oh why, what can you be wholly serious?"

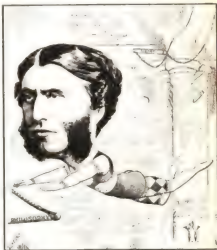
omized precisely the state of objective fair-mindedness he sought, has disappeared—in the U.S. at least. A partisan-minded culture, with very little use for objectivity, has let it be ground down to just plain "uninterested."

### Life Is a Steamroller

THE AGE OF MALAIS (203 pp.)—Dacia Maraini—Grove (\$3.95).

Adult amazement at the wayward bursing and bedding of today's youth is worldwide. But it expresses itself differently in different regions. In the U.S., a land flowing with milk and sociology, it has induced oleaginous teen-age columns. In Europe, where literature is still thought to have a lingering relevance to life, it has resulted in a whole writing genre, as often as not penned by the troubled and troubling young themselves.

France's Françoise Sagan is the most famous example; at 18, she coolly chronicled how a girl grows up by driving her



AS CULTURAL ACROBAT

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prospective stepmother to suicide (*Bonjour Tristesse*). In *Le Rempart des Béguines*, Belgium's Françoise Mallet-Joris, at 20, documented a listless daughter's love affair with her father's mistress. The trend may have reached a climax with *The Age of Malaise*, a novel about a teenage girl in Rome written by Dacia Maraini. 25. Awarded the \$10,000 Formentor publishers' prize for some reason not decipherable in the book itself, the novel has now been released simultaneously by 13 publishers in 13 countries.

Everything happens to Enrica. The man she loves is a perennial student who had his way with her three years before, when she was only 14. He calls her to his room from time to time, but only to gobble her up like a biscuit Tortoni and turn back to his books. A love-struck lad from her typing class enjoys her in a muddy con-



**DACIA MARAINI**  
Gobbled like biscuit Tortoni.

struction shack. A rich lawyer picks her up with his big car one night and performs titillating lathery rites with her in his fancy bathroom. Her mother dies of lung cancer. Her father, who spends his time designing unsalably ornate bird cages, loses their apartment, and Enrica has an abortion.

Is this a portrait of youthful existence in Italy? It seems unlikely. As a case history, the trials of Enrica are both too relentless and too bizarre to be convincing—even though they are recounted with a grimly detailed, laconic realism that echoes the style of her mentor, Novelist Alberto Moravia.

The single achievement of this sly book is the girl's character. A victim who refuses to act like one, a survivor who survives because she does not try to justify life, a pitiable figure untainted by self-pity, Enrica has a kind of stoic charm. Not for export to the U.S., of course. The sociologists would ply her with group therapy. In a few weeks she would be blaming Dad for rejecting her, and tearfully reciting her laments to peer-group pals whose lives can be blighted by a back-seat rebuff on a blind date.

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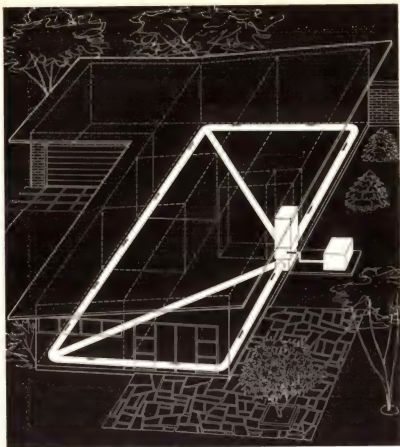
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**II. The proper equipment.** Again, different

styles of houses require different types of air conditioning units. Your G-E dealer has a unit that's right for your style home—split level, ranch, colonial, or whatever. He can match the equipment accurately to your needs.

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## Reason or Treason?

DARE CALL IT TREASON [344 pp.]—Richard M. Watt—Simon & Schuster (\$5.95).

Seasoned soldiers, baaing like sheep, flatly refused to fight. At Soissons, the men of the 370th Infantry Regiment stormed the railway station, captured a train, and headed for Paris. A whole division was so rotten with mutiny that it was cajoled into holding against the Germans only by the hand-wringing eloquence of its commanding officer. By June 1917, out of some 100 infantry divisions, the French high command could count on fighting obedience from only two.

This weird moment of chaos, when France almost lost a war by losing control of her exhausted troops, is the subject of *Dare Call It Treason*, the latest in the



RICHARD WATT  
Did mutineers save France?

recent flood of histories about World War I. *Treason* is all the more remarkable because its author is a complete amateur, a flooring-materials salesman who wrote the book (his first) in the children's playroom of his home in Glen Ridge, N.J., and even taught himself French by pasting scraps of a French grammar on file cards which he carried with him on selling trips.

**Fire from the Left.** As Watt notes, a great army is not demoralized in a day, nor for purely military reasons. The politicians hated the generals, the generals themselves were divided behind the façade of a coalition government. The extreme French left, for example, at the height of the war bombarded the trenches with peace pamphlets urging troops to rise up and join with their German brothers in ending the bloodshed.

But what set off the army explosion was an infamous military blunder. After the long-drawn-out bloodbath of Verdun, an ambitious new commander in chief, General Robert Nivelle, staked his career on a decisive punch through the German lines which, he implied, would end the



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war in weeks. The fanfare and preparations were so grand that the Germans knew all about it in advance. Nivelle knew they knew it, but he went ahead anyway. And from April 16 to May 9, 1917, French troops flung themselves against the Germans' barbed wire, entrenched machine guns and presighted artillery until 130,000 French casualties had piled up.

Morale collapsed. A front-line battalion, scheduled for replacement, was ordered instead to attack, and mutinied. Word of the rebellion traveled along the trenches. Suddenly the masses of exhausted French soldiers realized that they had power. There were too many of them to shoot—even if loyal troops could have been found to fire on them.

**An Eerie Struggle.** Watt skillfully evokes the eerie, secret struggle of a nation to reform its will and its army in midwar and somehow keep the enemy from knowing about it. That wholesale bloodshed did not occur was partly due to the skill of General Henri Pétain, the hero of Verdun. Pétain regained the soldiers' confidence with reforms of outrageous army policies on pay and leave and a promise that he would not attack without some hope of local success. But much credit must go to the mutineers themselves. In an odd way they emerge as something very like heroes, their action as much an evidence of reason as treason. The mass mutinies were largely a form of passive resistance, protesting not so much the war as how the war was being fought. Defecting companies ignored but practically never harmed their officers. They stayed together as units. They never resisted the loyal cavalry—better disciplined because they had not endured the ordeal of prolonged trench warfare—pressed into service to round them up. Until Pétain's reforms, though, they refused to attack.

**A Gift from the Kaiser.** Appalling as the mutiny was, it was, in retrospect, effective. The army high command abandoned its disastrous policy of attack at all costs. France turned to Georges Clemenceau, a tough leader who clamped down on political freedom but drove the country hard to the end of the war.

That France survived the crisis, of course, owes a little something to German stolidity. The Kaiser's generals did hear of the mutinies. But they could not believe that such goings-on could occur, even among Frenchmen. When they finally launched a tentative thrust in July 1917, it was too late; the attack ran up against one of Pétain's reconditioned divisions and was stopped cold.

## Beyond the Fringe

THE SICK FOX (305 pp.)—Paul Brodeur—Atlantic Monthly Press (\$4.75).

The story seems strange but simple. Harry Brace, a U.S. intelligence officer, is in charge of guarding a hidden U.S. nuclear warhead depot in a remote section of West Germany. Patrolling the dark forest around the depot, cutting his own orders, wearing civvies, chasing trout and

women at his pleasure, he comes to feel like a feudal baron. Then he sees a sick fox and realizes that it may be rabid. But he does not kill it. Why? Unconsciously, he sees it as a companion in his own growing urge toward anarchy.

On this framework, Paul Brodeur blends psychological insight and historic parallel to create a portrait of the alienated man in the nuclear age. Harry Brace is not merely the familiar figure who feels estranged just from his own society. He wants out of the whole organized world.

When the fox bites a village dog and thus creates the threat of an epidemic of rabies, Brace finds himself more and more at odds with society. Contemptuous of the German authorities trying to control the disease, he strikes up a strange alliance with an itinerant shepherd and game poacher whose sheep are suspected of in-



MALCOLM DARR

PAUL BRODEUR  
Last of the Legionnaires.

fection. Defending him, Brace finds himself in a shooting showdown with a posse of outraged villagers.

The novel's distinction is the rich symbolic resonances woven around Brace's disintegration. Unwillingly representing the waning influence of the U.S. in Europe, Brace is seen partly as a throwback to the last of the Roman legionnaires in Germania. Making love to a local landowner's wife, he is the incarnation of Woden offering himself to the goddess of the forest. Even the shepherd Brace defends is not merely an old reprobate but a kind of Ur-brigand descended from the race of Jacob. As for the fox: Is he a fox? He may be Brace's alter ego. He may even be man himself, close to madness and ready to spread destruction in the world.

Many an earnest young writer launching a first novel is like a man trying to raft his belongings across a flooded river. The problem, clearly, is to get the essential items safely over. The temptation is to pile everything on. Paul Brodeur's story nearly founders under its symbolic freight. But the voyage into a world where inner disorder and outer chaos mirror each other makes an absorbing trip.

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